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LEANDER;

OR,

SECRETS OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

BY

ERNEST TRUMAN.

*They were fair in the grance of gold, they walked with delicate feet;
They were clothed with the cunning of old, and the smell of their
garments was sweet.—SWINBURNE.*



PHILADELPHIA:
CLAXTON, REMSEN, AND HAFFELFINGER,
819 AND 821 MARKET STREET.
1869.



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P R E A M B L E .

OFTEN in the course of my theological studies, and still oftener afterwards, when reviewing the almost daily conflicts of polemical religionists, have I been struck by the singular fact that, while every nerve was strained to prove or disprove some controverted dogma in the abstract, scarcely an effort seemed made to grasp the realization of that dogma in the living practice of its defenders. Yet who is not aware of the too frequent discrepancy between ideal and reality, between the letter of the law and the understanding of it by the lawgivers? To give one example out of many: nothing appeared more praiseworthy, to the eyes at least of devout Catholics, than the numerous canons promulgated throughout the Middle Ages, for the enforcement of sacerdotal celibacy; quite different, however, would have been their opinion, had they known that all the while there existed a secret compact between bishops and priests, whereby the latter, for a goodly sum of money paid to the former, obtained the privilege to keep concubines without incurring the guilt of sin.* It is this gross contrast between theory and practice that presents itself continually to the unprejudiced student of ecclesiastical history; he must lament without ceasing the flagrant vices revelling beneath the mask of sanctity; God, it would seem to him, is mostly offended by those who preach Him. Yet thrice happy he, if this conclusion reach him by way of mere book-learning; he may then sing a canticle of joy for having passed the sea of life without being wrecked on its hardest and most disastrous rock—the religion that he cherished from his childhood as the best of mothers, turning upon him with the fury of a harpy, and tearing to pieces his devoted heart. How this? I must not explain here. If the following pages do not show it, perhaps I am deceived in my complaint; and gladly would I be undeceived.

What is this humble book of mine? A novel? Far from it. It is the truthful account of a youth's life, whom a cruel fate had

* "In locis plerisque episcopi et eorum officiales, non solum sacerdotum tolerant concubinatum, dummodo certa persolvatur pecunia; sed et sacerdotes continentes, et qui absque concubinis degunt, concubinatus censum persolvere cogunt; asserentes episcopum pecuniæ indigum esse, qua soluta, licere sacerdotibus ut vel cœlibes permaneant, vel concubinas alant."—*Gravamin. Ordin. Imperii*, cap. lxx. Compare Lea's History of Sacerdotal Celibacy, pp. 271 and 423; a work which fully and indisputably exhausts its subject.

thrown into the clutches of sacerdotalism; perhaps for the good of others, not certainly for his own good or happiness, unless it be that kind Heaven should silence his sorrows by the voice of a righteous conscience which alone he now can follow. About a year ago I wrote the first part of this work, containing Leander's experiences with the Jesuits. It was composed in less than two weeks, and it must consequently be, of necessity, a feeble production if viewed by the rules of rhetoric. Yet I would not like it otherwise; for as my hand wrote then precisely as my heart felt, and still feels, be it as it is—even as Father Ricci said of his fellow Jesuits, "Let them be as they are, or not be at all."* The second part of my work, devoted to Leander's experiences with the Secular Clergy, if ever it does follow, will appear in a similar garb, that of truth plainly and unequivocally told. The only difference would be, that a greater amount of dogmatics and historical research would be interwoven with the latter.

One word remains to be addressed unto the men who figure most conspicuously in Leander's history. I assure them most sincerely that I love them as much as ever—nay more; that I attack, not their persons, but solely their errors. Hence I have been very careful to imitate the good example of John of Salisbury, who, in chastising the sophists of his age, designated them all by the imaginary name of Cornificius; "for," said he, "nothing is more contemptible than to abuse an author by name, just because his opinion does not coincide with ours; as a man, he is a creature of God, to whom alone, as such, he stands accountable. I content myself to attack his error, which is not from God, but rather opposed to God."† Names, not only of persons, but also of localities, have been studiously changed, or given with merely the first and last letters; and, for a similar reason, have I withheld my own. Little indeed does it matter who be the author, provided his work effect some good. If the cause of religion and humanity be ever so little assisted by these few pages, I shall derive from them an abundant recompense.

* "Jesuitæ aut sint uti sunt, aut plane non sint."

† "Memor professionis meæ et fraternæ, quæ in Domino est, communionis, indulgendum esse, personæ credidi, dum tamen non indulgeatur errori. Defero ergo Deo, parcens naturæ quæ ab ipso est, et impugnans vitium quod contra ipsum est; dum naturam corrumpit, quam ille generavit. Utique par est sine derogatione personæ sententiam impugnari, nihilque turpius, quam cum sententia displicet aut opinio, rodere nomen auctoris; longe quidem probabilius est, ut opinioni falsæ, quatenus tamen error tolerabilis est, parcat interdu[m] propter hominem, quam ut propter opinionem homo carpatur."—*Metalog.*, lib. i., cap. ii.

PART FIRST.

SECRETS OF JESUITISM.

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LEANDER; OR, SECRETS OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

I. The Departure.

It was the eventful summer of 1861. Even the lonely woodlands of I——a had not escaped the feverous alarm. Not a log-cabin so remote but rang with that horror-breathing cry "Rebellion;" not a farmer's wife but eyed with fonder love him toiling at the plough; not a rural mother but counted with tenderer care the heads of her hopeful sons. Yet who thought then how great the sacrifice would be?

Greater sorrow than any dwelt at that time within a frame cottage on the skirts of the village Osborne. The evening meal had just been finished, though little had been tasted by either of that family group—the silver-haired father, the bent and care-worn mother, the beautiful daughter, or the youthful but manlike son. On him every thought seemed to rest. Was it that he prepared to join the patriot ranks, and now stood ready to give the last farewell to home and kindred? He was departing indeed, but for a different field. That he loved his country as much as patriot ever could, none dreamed of questioning; but patriotism is like a dying spark in the breast of him whom religious enthusiasm holds enthralled. North or South, Union or Disunion—what were these after all but echoes of the world? And had he not promised to renounce the world? Ay, and was he not now on the point of carrying out that promise to its fullest extent? For this stood he equipped; for this tears filled the eyes of those around.

"So you will leave us now, dear George!" sobbed the aged father; "and very possibly we shall never see you again; to me, at least, this appears a fixed fact; an inward voice tells me that these weak eyes of mine shall never be brightened by the return of my only son."

"Lose not hope, dearest father! Two years of novitiate and two more of juniorate, and I shall be sent to some college to teach. There will then be a good chance of me obtaining permission to visit you. But if God wills it not so, or if—which Heaven avert!—you should die before then, have we not the best ground for expecting a far more happy reunion hereafter? The words of our Saviour stand clear: 'He that leaveth father and mother and brother and sister for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred-fold, and shall possess life everlasting.' For a like reward yourself and sweet mother and dear sister Mary may confidently look, since you not less than I contribute to the sacrifice."

"Well do we know," said his mother, "how good and noble is the motive which induces you to take this step. We are only surprised at your choosing such a new kind of living, about which we know little or nothing. My intention was always that you should become a priest; for this end I offered you up to the Blessed Virgin whilst you were still in the cradle. But I thought you would be like other priests—have a congregation, take us to live with you, and so give support and comfort to our old age. The Jesuits do not do this; why, I know not. You say it is to serve God the better. It may be. I am not acquainted with any of them except Father Kantmann; and if they all are as he, they must be perfect angels. But do as you think best, George; you are so good and so learned, we'll submit to everything you say."

"Mother," replied the youth, "you know that whatever I undertake to do I try to do it perfectly. I have made up my mind to serve God in the holy priesthood. Since I want to become a priest, I also want to be a perfect one, a model to the people, and acceptable to God. This cannot be effected anywhere so well as in the holy Society of Jesus. For that very purpose was it instituted by St. Ignatius—to be a seminary of learned, devout, and zealous priests. That he has accomplished his task, the whole world bears witness to. The very picture of the Saint shows us this. He is represented in sacerdotal vestments, with a chalice in his right hand, and the sublime words 'To the greater glory of God' glittering on an opened book in his left; to declare thus before all the world: In Ignatius Loyola and his followers behold the models of a true priesthood! Keep me then no longer from my purpose, dearest mother! The time shall come when you will rejoice over the sacrifice made by you at this hour; when stand-

ing near the throne of Heaven's Queen you will see me come to meet you, never to be separated from you any more."

"All this is well enough," said Mary, "provided those Jesuits be in reality what you think they are. But Mrs. Wieland has told me such horrible stories about them, that I cannot help shuddering at the bare thought of you going to join them. Just recall the frightful prisons, the tormenting racks, whereby the tender novice is prepared for his future missionary hardships. Can such fiendish cruelty be pleasing to God?"

The thoughtful face of George brightened into a smile at this timid talk of his sister. He answered: "Mary, I thought you had too much sense to believe in the silly prattle of that bigoted Lutheran woman. Mrs. Wieland knows no more of the Jesuits than about the man in the moon. I who have been in their intimate care for the last three years should be a more reliable judge. Were they really so brutal, some trait thereof must have fallen under my searching eye. But far from discovering anything improper, my closest scrutiny has found in them naught but what is becoming a learned gentleman, a tender father, and a zealous and holy priest. But suppose"—and here his countenance had resumed an even more than usual gravity—"that they are only playing the hypocrite, shall I have labored uselessly to find this out? If they be not what they seem, what nobler mission can I have than if, after having escaped their clutches through God's grace, I expose their foulness to an impartial world? I want to know and tell things just as they are. If the Jesuits are really what they allege to be, I shall be their stanch adherent and defender; if not, their bitter and unrelenting enemy. But see! the clock will soon strike seven. I must be off for the depot."

He started up. Many was the tear that wetted his soft cheek, many the burning kiss imprinted on his ruby lips. Thus passed a quarter of an hour; when the shrill whistle of the coming locomotive broke off the heart-rending struggle of departure. A last farewell—some moments—and the whirring train drew away the loved youth, still followed by the eager gaze of father, mother, and sister—till a distant curve in the road shut out the tender view, and sight, however longing, availed no more.

We must leave the three mourners to their bereavement, and follow the one for whom fate has so much in store. George Leander was now in his nineteenth year. He was about five feet and eight inches in height, of sinewy limbs, admirable proportion, and noble demeanor in every movement. His features were pale and thin,

✓ but marked throughout by an iron determination of will. His forehead was high, his eyes were hazel and piercing, his nose was Roman, his mouth like a bird on the wing. The mere form of his body, however, announced but little outside the ordinary stamp of mortals. It was the thoughtful gravity, the sweet melancholy which perpetually lingered on his features, that made him more than all the attraction and study of observers. Only a few careful glances at him made every one remark: that youth there knows more of the world than many a sage of sixty; he has studied not merely books but men; he has noble purposes at heart.

Such was Leander to a transient observer. He who knows his history will tell you more. Born in the city of Fabiopolis on the banks of the O—o, he had from his childhood won the special care of his parents by his dutiful conduct, close attention to study, and almost unparalleled success in learning. Already at the age of eight years had he attained the first place in a school of more than eight hundred pupils. When fifteen he had entered the Jesuit College of his native city, where none outdid him either in regularity of conduct or in proficiency of learning. Twenty-five books of premiums had been his public reward. Such a genius could not long lie hid from the crafty eye of the selfish Jesuits. "He must become one of ours," was the universal demand; ✓ and Father Kantmann had to throw the bait. It was seized eagerly by the youth, already deeply enamored of the piety and learning of his ghostly counsellors. Without waiting for him to graduate, "which," acutely observed the men-skilled priests, "might puff up his mind with vain conceits," they requested him to enter at once the Novitiate, that nursery of Jesuitical sanctity. This reason was not, however, manifested to Leander. The pretext was that, as his parents had just left the city for the distant village of Osborne, he could not well continue his studies at College, it being intended only for day-scholars; and how hard was it to find a family with whom to board, where the future Jesuit might not contract some worldly ideas, some unhallowed desires! From all these dangers would the Novitiate shield him. To reach then this favored spot, an earthly paradise to his ardent imagination, was Leander now hurried onward by the lightning train.

II. Leander on his Journey.

DREARILY passed the first part of the night on the train. That inhuman custom, which forces men promiscuously into the same dismal smoking-car, if they have not that blessed appendage, a lady, by their side, was of course put into full effect on our young aspirer for the privileges of celibacy. He might have entered the sleeping-car, you will say. You would not even think of such a thing, did you know with what extreme care the young Jesuit must watch over his purity. What dangerous sights might happen in that nocturnal medley? A pretty ankle, for example, sufficient to "shake the saintship of an anchorite." Leander at least thought of it, and so with the patient resignation of a devout monk he settled himself down to bear all night the smoke, the spittle of tobacco-juice, and what not of his disagreeable companions.

After a few hours, however, he grew tired of it. Looking back he saw that the next car presented a much more handsome and inviting appearance. But there were ladies in it. Well, no matter; the Blessed Virgin was a lady also. Summoning up his courage he went to the conductor, and politely asked him whether he could enter that car. Fortunately the conductor was a gentleman (which is not always the case), and assented immediately. So Leander took his valise and marched triumphantly into his new apartment. Then without taking notice of any around he composed himself to sleep, as he thought. But sleep in such cases, and particularly with persons of so restless a temperament as was our hero, is one of the impossibles. Of this he too became soon assured, and to console himself he thought of the many sleepless nights that the Saints had devoted to prayer.

This pious reverie was finished abruptly as the train stopped at a city on the W——h, and in tripped a young lady dressed in the height of fashion, and with a smile on her pretty face which showed that the world did well with her, or she with the world. All the seats were occupied save the one before Leander, into which accordingly the damsel pressed herself. It was not at all disagreeable in a worldly sense. The odor rising from her curly hair was like the ambrosia of the gods compared to the tobacco-stench steaming from the chewer's mouth. Should her dress come near one it would not leave a stain; and to look into her

face would not make one revolt. But the devil was only too agreeable, far too much so for a disciple of rigid chastity. Leander felt it to his sad experience. He resisted the first impulse of passion promptly, turning his back on the tempting object and saying an Ave Maria with great fervor. The temptation was gone. Like mere passion it came and went. It was not love. Leander had too deep a contempt for worldly trappings and fineries ever to fall in love with a bare-faced coquette.

Yet he felt sad, sadder than ever after this momentary trial. He thought to himself: "How will things work in my new state of life? If I am to be bothered thus with temptations of the flesh, feeling their sting repeatedly, yet never to give in to them a tittle, what will my life be but a succession of battles with myself? And have I not enough of these already? If God has instituted the Sacrament of Matrimony for noble purposes, and one of these to preserve ourselves from incontinence, why after all should it be so much inferior to Virginity, as the Saints tell us?—What, fiend! None of your fallacies here! Mother of God, drive away that wicked thought! I believe, with St. Augustine, that what others can do will also be possible to me."

Ill-fated youth! hadst thou then turned back, thou wouldst have fared better on earth, and for years to come the unknown hereafter would have smiled on thee far more invitingly. But this was thy cruel destiny, that for the instruction of many others thou alone shouldst drain the bitter cup of saintly wretchedness, leaving to them the sweets, to thyself the wormwood.

But it is morning; and while the train stops at the crossing of the I——s C——l, Leander goes out to behold the sunrise. How glorious it was, and how new to him who had never before seen a prairie! There, as it appeared, scarce a mile distant, the big, red orb stood upon the meadow, and stretched out his golden arms straight at the dewy grasses, that laughed under so sweet and warm an embrace. Leander bethought him of Thomson's description; for he loved poetry, knew thousands of lines by heart, and at times did himself strike a chord in his boyish lyre. But Thomson did not answer here. There was here no "mountain's brow illum'd with fluid gold." It was more like that of Evangeline's bard:—

"Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal."

"Thy glorious orb is everywhere, feeble sign of Thy omnipre-

sence, O Lord!" said the youth to himself as with lighter heart he re-entered the car; "and whatsoever may betide me, I shall never be deprived of Thy protecting hand."

Precisely at nine o'clock of the morning the iron-horse rested his fleet-winged feet on the eastern shore of the M——i. Out rushed the passengers, but none so eagerly as Leander, who panted to behold with his bodily eyes that parent of rivers, on whose waters he had gazed so often with the eyes of his imagination. It was a grand stream indeed, wide and deep, and flowing on swiftly yet stately as if conscious of his fame. But large cities take away all poetry from a river; the filth of their sewers-blackens the crystal sheet; the smoke of their manufactories hangs like a funeral pall over the otherwise glittering wave; and then the dingy ferry-boats allow it not a moment's repose. Into one of these puffing citadels was Leander hurried by the ponderous omnibus. The crossing was surely not romantic, nor of course not intended for that. Neither did the entrance into the busy old mart of Louipolis impart anything like a charm to the visitor's first anxious view. It was therefore a great relief to our way-worn traveller, when he could alight on the pavement before the Jesuit College, and announce himself and his baggage safe to the brotherly porter.

"Can I see Father Provincial? I am a novice, or rather expect to be one."

"Oh, may God bless you! You'll find St. Aloysius' the best place in the world. Oh, if I could only live there all my lifetime! How glad I am that you've come! Just sit down here for a minute; I'll bring down the Father right away."

With that he gave the bell a vigorous pull, somewhat harder in fact than he should have done according to the Rule. A few minutes passed, and in came the venerable Provincial. Leander had seen him and spoken with him already before, and therefore required but little introduction to him at present. It was very good he had come; might God assist him to become a true Jesuit, full of zeal and piety, an ornament to the Order! Such was the prayer of the Father; after which he led the youth into the refectory, where a substantial breakfast was furnished to his appetite.

That being finished he was brought before another Father, the Socius of the Novitiate* as he was called, who just happened to

* The Socius in the Novitiate is a kind of Vice-Master of Novices.

have come into the city the previous day, and who now on his return was ready to take our fervent novice to his new home, eighteen miles off in the country. Leander accepted the offer with the greatest willingness; he wished to get there as soon as ever possible; nothing in any instance vexed him more than delay.

So he mounted the rustic carriage, and took his seat beside the Father Socius. He found him very taciturn, which surprised him; he knew nothing as yet of the rule of silence. Still this cost him little difficulty. He was not one of those ready-mouthed individuals, whose heart is ever on their tongue. He had a far more interesting conversation with himself, with the beauty of the season, and with the great men of bygone times. And here was abundant scope for sight and reflection. While then the pious Jesuit mumbled his breviary and counted his beads, Leander gazed on the flowery gardens, the superb villas, the fields waving with the golden harvest, the towering forests and the murmuring brooks that skirted the dusty turnpike. Then thinking whither he was going, he offered an earnest prayer to the virginal Mother, that all might turn out well for his temporal and eternal good, in whatever pathway kind Providences should have destined his walk of life.

Thus wore the ride, till the little village of Flower-Bed greeted his eyes, and two miles north of it a vast edifice of glittering stone perched on a tree-covered hillock invited his eager attention. "That is the Novitiate," said the Father; and Leander's heart beat heavily at the word.

III. Leander's New Home and his First Initiation.

THE Jesuit's arrival, if not his companion's, had been noticed in due time by the officious porter, who now stood at the gate ready to receive orders. A pleasant appearance he made, with his florid face, portly figure, and obsequious demeanor. His office it was to receive and entertain guests, while all his spare time had to be diligently employed with the needle. He had thus to sustain the triple character of porter, tailor, and holy Jesuit brother; and well did he do it.

Being made acquainted with the purpose of the new visitor, he hastened with him to the house. While passing through the flower-garden that spread before it, Leander observed a troop of

young men dressed in various colors, but very simple, and all wearing straw hats and holding sticks, intended for canes, in their hands. Who in the world be these, he thought. The brother seeing his anxiety to know told him they were the novices, his future companions, and that they were just now returning from a walk. It made no good impression on the young apprentice, who was still too worldly not to be offended at their meagre garb, but especially at those straw hats and sticks. But his thoughts were soon otherwise engaged, as he mounted the flight of steps leading to the reception-room, and there found the veritable Rector, his future Superior, awaiting him.

If any Jesuit could prepossess a stranger in his favor, it was certainly Father Bandeau. He was American by birth, French by descent, but Jesuit all over. A perpetual smile of benevolence lingered on his fine features, his form was manly, and all his movements were marked by an extreme suavity and grace. No father could have received his son more tenderly than he did his new charge, and however piercing was the glance which sought to penetrate at once what could be made out of the promising student, this was not noticed at all amid the profusion of kindness and attention that was showered upon him. He was asked to be seated, wine and cakes were brought for his refreshment, and a general conversation on travel and study ensued. Nothing for a time betokened austerity or stern asceticism.

But the zeal of the spirit cannot be long at rest. Said the Rector with a heightened smile: "Do you know, my child, who is the Master of this house?" "I hope it is yourself," replied Leander. "You are right in a certain sense, but only figuratively; come with me, and I shall show you the real Master!" So saying the pious Father led him to the chapel, a neater and more elegant one than which it would be hard to find anywhere. There in the gilded tabernacle reposed the Blessed Sacrament, and above it on a throne of gold sate the Virgin of virgins with the infant God. It was a beautiful and holy sight. Leander felt the sacredness of the place pervade his inmost soul. When after some minutes of silent adoration they had left the chapel, he turned to his ghostly Father and said: "I know now what you meant; the Master of the house is our Blessed Saviour."

A capital stroke, which had its good effect on the worthy Jesuit. He next called for John Leans, a former fellow-student of Leander, but already trained some time ago to the religious discipline of the Novitiate. Their meeting was, as might be

expected, a dear one, particularly to Leander, whom it must have delighted to gaze once more upon a known face. Off the two went to the garden, where George took his good share of currants and peaches and what not of delectable fruit; but John tasted nothing, and being asked the reason, merely replied: "I don't feel like eating." He was too Jesuitical already, simply to tell the truth.*

It was five o'clock in the evening, when on came the genial Master of Novices with a scrap of manuscript in his hand. He asked Leander how he liked his new home. "Very well, so far." "I trust you will like it still better, but in a spiritual sense," said significantly the ever spiritualizing Rector; "come now with me; we'll try to break the first ground." To the young novice this was not by any means unwelcome; he was only too eager to know how things would work.

So he followed the Master into the house up to the second story, where he was shown into a dim-lighted, plainly-furnished room. "This is your room for the present," said the Jesuit, "and now let us begin in earnest. The first probation through which the young novice has to go is the postulanship. This lasts generally for three days, but may be prolonged according to the discretion of the Master of Novices. During this time you go through various meditations taken from the Spiritual Exercises of our holy Father Ignatius, think of your past life to prepare yourself for a general confession, and earnestly pray to God for his holy light to direct you in your choice of a state of life. I now leave this paper with you to meditate upon; and the way to make a good meditation is this:—

"First, kneel down and direct your attention to the Divine Presence, praying to be recollected during the meditation, and to derive such lights as it may please God to favor you with. Then go through the preludes. Each meditation contains at least two: first, the construction of place, as in meditating on hell to represent to ourselves the deep, dark pool of seething fire; second, the petition of grace, which in the same meditation would be to ask for so lively a horror of that place of torments that, if at

* The Rule forbids eating or drinking out of regular meal-time; which, however, can be easily observed by any member, as the table of the Jesuits is always plentifully and choicely supplied. Besides there are what novices jovially call "*Dentalia*," particular times, during the autumnal recreations especially, when for several hours of the day it is allowed the members to eat as much fruit as they desire.

any time the love of God should not be sufficient to make us avoid sin, the fear at least of punishment would restrain us from the perpetration. Upon the preludes follows the meditation proper, consisting generally of three points into which the subject proposed is divided. In meditating we should reason with ourselves, weigh the issues at hand, make use at times of the imagination, but especially insist on the will, to bend it to the warm desire for the virtue we wish to acquire. After reflecting thus for an hour, the time usually allotted, we make our colloquy or prayer, in which we resolve to do better and ask God's grace to assist us in our purpose.* This is all, my child, I have to say at present. There are a few books here which will tell you more on the subject. I leave you now to yourself; after an hour I shall be back to see how you have succeeded."

As soon as the Father had left the room, Leander eagerly seized on the paper. It contained the Foundation of the Spiritual Exercises: "Man was created for this end, to praise, revere and serve the Lord his God, and thus to save his soul."† Our simple youth was too solidly grounded in faith to think of asking himself, who had written those words, and upon what authority. He took them for the very breath of the Holy Spirit. It worked well.

When Father Bandeau came in after an hour, he was overjoyed to find the progress his pupil had made. It was more than enough for the beginning. A good supper followed, which the postulant took of course by himself, not being yet initiated into the mysteries of the refectory or dining-room. Then came recreation, and after it the second meditation.

In this the good Leander became entangled. It was said there on that scrap of paper, that we must be totally indifferent to honor or ignominy, to health or sickness, to riches or poverty, to a long life or a short one.‡ However logically this followed from

* For a more detailed account see "*Exercitia Spiritualia S. P. Ignatii Loyolæ*," pp. 15-51, Ed. Ratisb., 1840; and that excellent treatise of Father Roothaan, "*De Ratione Meditandi*."

† "*Creatus est homo ad hunc finem, ut Dominum Deum suum laudet, ac revereatur, eique serviens tandem salvus fiat.*"—*Ex. Sp.*, p. 80.

‡ "*Reliqua vero supra terram sita creata sunt hominis ipsius causa, ut eum ad finem creationis suæ prosequendum juvent: unde sequitur, utendum illis vel abstinendum eatenus esse, quatenus ad prosecutionem finis vel conferunt vel obsunt. Quapropter debemus absque differentia nos habere circa res creatas omnes (prout libertati arbitrii nostri permissum est*

the premises—"we were created to save our souls, and all other things were created to assist us in that work"—and however clearly he saw the deduction, yet his inferior nature revolted at the mere idea thereof. How could he, the learned little philosopher, bear it indifferently to hear himself called an ignoramus, for example? For the first time it appeared to him that St. Ignatius was not perhaps after all the mouth-piece of the Holy Ghost. He told his trouble to his fatherly exercitant, on whom of course it made no good impression. He feared that he had to contend with a proud spirit, so utterly at variance with the Institute of the Society, which demands in express terms that every member shall be at the beck of his superior even as a stick in the hand of an old man—"veluti baculus in manu senis." Yet he did not despair. Who could be prouder than Xavier had been before his conversion, and humbler than he became afterwards? The meditation for the following morning was produced—the terrible one on hell; and with pensive brow the Rector bade his client good-night.

IV. The Manifestation of Conscience.

AT half past four in the morning Leander was aroused from his sleep by a rap at the door, followed straightway by its opening and a loud voice calling out: "Benedicamus Domino!" "Deo Gratias!" he promptly replied, and jumped out of bed. He had been prepared for this ceremony the preceding evening, and finding it both wholesome and pious he met with no difficulty in its observance. After he had washed and dressed he had still five minutes spare time remaining, which he devoted to a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Precisely at five o'clock the bell rang for meditation, a common one for all the inmates of the house. Leander repaired to his room for that purpose.

His prompt behavior this morning had been eagerly watched not only by the Rector, whose duty it was, but also by the novices and others from mere curiosity, and it had made on all a favorable impression. "Half of the work is done for him that begin-

et non prohibitum), ita ut (quod in nobis est) non quæramus sanitatem magis quam ægritudinem, neque divitias paupertati, honorem contemptui, vitam longam brevi præferamus."—*Ibid.*

neth well,"* is said somewhere in the "Diarium," a handbook of Jesuitical instruction.

The meditation on hell had a salutary effect on our postulant, as indeed it must have on every one when under the able hands of a holy Jesuit Father. To assist the imagination, the room was thoroughly darkened, a faint representation of that everlasting gloom which pervadeth the region of the shadows of death. Then was conjured up the frightful nightmare of Teresa, wherein she saw, nay, felt the horrors of hell.† All this and much more, when worked upon by the poetic brain of Leander, must have made him shake with imaginary fear. His firm resolution was never to become guilty of a mortal sin again.

After Mass, whereat all assisted, breakfast, and a stroll in the garden, my postulant was summoned to the room of his Superior. It was large, sufficient for two or three abreast to take a comfortable walk up and down. For this also it was intended, it being the place where the words of saintly instruction and exhortation were conveyed to the young novice, where he exposed his faults and imbibed the medicine for their future prevention.

Father Bandeau received his pupil very tenderly, asked him about his success in meditation, and then began:—

"It is prescribed in our rules that the young novice give during his postulantship an account of his whole life to the Master of

* "Dimidium operis qui bene coepit habet." The "Diarium" forms the bulk of a volume entitled "Documenta Spiritualia ad usum Patrum et Fratrum Societatis Jesu."

† "The entrance seemed to be like a long, close alley, or rather like a low, dark, and narrow oven; and the ground appeared to be like mire, exceedingly filthy, stinking insupportably, and full of a multitude of loathsome vermin. At the end of it there was a certain hollow place, as if it had been a kind of a little press in the wall, into which I found myself thrust, and close pent up. . . . I felt a fire in my soul which I cannot express or describe, as it was in reality. . . . I saw not who it was that tormented me, but I seemed to find myself both burnt and cut in pieces all at once, and in so dreadful a place there was no room for the least hope of once meeting with any comfort or ease; neither was there any such thing as sitting or lying down. Thus was I thrust into this place like a hole in the wall; and these walls, which are also most horrible to the sight, press in upon their prisoners, so that everything chokes and stifles there. There is nothing but thick darkness, without the least glimpse of light, and yet, I know not how it is, though there is no light, yet one sees all that can afflict the sight."—*Life of Saint Teresa*, written by herself (Dalton's Translation), pp. 290, 291.

Novices. This is called 'the manifestation of conscience,'* and is to be renewed every six months for the time passed since the previous one.† No member, not even the General of the Society, can be exempted from this obligation. The design is to give superiors a thorough insight into the spiritual condition of the members, whereby they may direct themselves, not only for the good of each individually, but also for the advantage of the whole Society in general. This 'manifestation' may be given either under the sacramental seal of confession, or merely as a natural secret. If you have no objection, my child, I should prefer the latter in your case; it would enable me to act more freely."

Leander was startled. He had never heard of such a thing before. "Father," said he, "I hope you'll not tell my sins to everybody."

"Not at all, my child! Your sins in particular will not be known to any but myself. All that I wish is to have the liberty to tell your sins in general, that is, your peculiar passions, propensities, disposition, to the Father Provincial and to his Council. By that means it will best be determined in what particular sphere you will be of greatest service to the Society."

"Do you think this necessary or advantageous for my spiritual good?"

"I do," replied the Rector peremptorily; "on it depends everything."

This removed Leander's objections (though ever since, and with reason, he deplored his unlucky plight of having his secret passions discussed in the councils of the Jesuit superiors), and he began to "manifest" himself accordingly. In regard to his good qualities, he confessed that he had from his childhood expe-

* Bartoli alludes to it in general terms: "We are also under the obligation of making known the secret thoughts of our soul to the spiritual father who directs and governs us in spiritual matters. Although for our own tranquillity and consolation, this must be done under a seal of inviolable secrecy, this circumstance does not prevent the natural repugnance of the human heart to have every thought which crosses it laid bare, however humiliating it may be, whether proceeding from inherent vice, or from the suggestions of the evil one."—*History of St. Ignatius*, vol. ii. p. 49.

† These semi-annual manifestations are generally written out on paper by the delinquents and then read to the superiors. Not only wilful sins and the slightest imperfections, but even temptations must be ever so minutely and disgustingly detailed. Once an unhappy novice had dropped his written manifestation on the staircase; it was picked up by a mischievous "junior," who had great fun over it.

rienced a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, had called upon her in every necessity and danger, and had not let a day pass without saying some prayers in her honor; that from his sixth to his twelfth year he had served at Mass daily, mostly at five o'clock in the morning, and after that age had gone to the Communion regularly every first Sunday of the month, besides Festivals; that he had always felt an inclination to become a priest, and, since his acquaintance with the Jesuit Fathers, a member of their Society. As to his sins, they were many, he owned; he had gone through some love adventures (though this, perchance, was a certain Protestant lady's fault, who wished him to marry her daughter); he had cursed two or three times, just for the sake of appearing a genuine Young America, and for the same reason had given his schoolmate a bloody nose; he had also several times gone swimming in the river, contrary to the express prohibition of his parents.

"Did you not, and do you not still, entertain great pride in your learning?"

"I don't know about that. Sometimes I think I am pretty talented, more so, probably, than many others. I'll try hard to become a most learned Jesuit. Is there any harm in this?"

"A great deal, child. I consider all your other sins as trifles compared to this your proud disposition. Greatly do I fear that, unless you curb this, you will prove the ruin of many souls, besides the eternal loss of your own. Oh do, I pray, pluck it out of your heart while still there is time! Take now with you this meditation on 'the two standards,' and read what our holy Father Ignatius says about the three degrees of humility. It is all that you need."

Thus ended our postulant's "manifestation." The meditation just handed him pleased him exceedingly, for it contained some sterling poetry. On the plain of Babylon was placed the archfiend Lucifer, upreared on a throne of smoke (to signify his pride), with his satellite demons gathered around him. These he sent out all over the world to tempt poor mortals by the allurements of wealth, lust, and pride. Opposed to him, in the valley of Jerusalem, was seated the benign and sweet Saviour on a lowly chair, surrounded by his apostles and disciples, awaiting his instructions. They were to exhort men to poverty, mortification, and humility.* To acquire these virtues thoroughly could, of

* "Punctum primum est, imaginari coram oculis meis, apud campum Babylonicum, ducem impiorum in cathedra ignea et fumosa sedere, hor-

course, be obtained only in the religious state by the holy vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. What a blessing, therefore, that Leander was already safely sheltered under the roof of a monastery!

As to the three degrees of humility so earnestly recommended, Leander could not, or perhaps would not, understand them. At all events, he never troubled himself much about them; nor shall I the reader. Consult, if you wish, the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius.*

V. *Leander made a Thorough Novice.*

VARIOUS meditations, chiefly on the mysteries of Christ's life, occupied our postulant during the remainder of the day of "manifestation," and the forenoon of the day following. In the afternoon he made his general confession, wherein he rehearsed faithfully the sad wanderings of his youth, and promised with tears never to fall wilfully into any sin again. He felt greatly relieved after it, as indeed is generally the case with sincere penitents, whatever be the cause. Faith, in whichever shape it be offered, is a source of consolation and peace to the troubled mind, as long as this has not yet found out the purely worldly motives, which lie at the bottom of all that is trumpeted as holy and divine.

In the morning of the third day Leander went to Holy Communion, which was a sign to all that his postulancy was at an end. He would now be either dismissed as unfit for the Order,

ribilem figura vultuque terribilem. . . . Similiter ex opposito, punctum primum erit, conspici Christum in amæno campo juxta Hierosolymam, humili quidem constitutum loco, sed valde speciosum forma et aspectu summe amabilem."—*Meditatio de duobus vexillis, Exercit. Spirit.*, p. 149-54.

* De tribus gradibus humilitatis, Ex. Sp., p. 160.—For further particulars of "the manifestation of conscience" consult, besides the fortieth rule of the Summary of the Constitutions and the circumstantial instruction in the "Documenta Spiritualia," if you can get them, Father Rodriguez's "Practice of Christian and Religious Perfection," Vol. III. Treat. VII. pp. 315-361. This pious padre warmly exhorts his fellow-Jesuits to give their "manifestation" out of confession, "that the superior, being no ways constrained by respect for confession, may more freely make use of the knowledge they give of themselves for their spiritual advancement and salvation."—*Loc. cit.*, p. 361.

or habited in the sacred vestment of the Jesuit novice. The choice lay not with him; it all depended on the fiat of the Master of Novices; and Leander had to believe with every good monk that the least wish from the lips of his Superior was the same as if God himself had spoken.

After the invariable breakfast—which somehow or other I cannot omit either to mention or to take—the young apprentice took his stroll through the garden. His thoughts were lone and doubtful, and so he sought for a place apart to speak with himself. This he found very soon on the northern skirts of the garden, where a broad way led between the graves of the Novitiate cemetery to the east and an orchard of peach-trees to the west. High locusts formed a shade impervious to the sun, thus affording a cool retreat in the summer months; while the mourning willows hanging over the glittering tombstones suggested thoughts of melancholy and death. It was ever afterwards a favorite resort with Leander, especially when harassed by distracting doubts or smarting under the cruel lash of monastic discipline. Here too was laid the foundation of his future rationalism.

“So I am through with my first probation, and the second, two years long, awaits me. Shall I go on, or shall I leave now that there is time yet?” This question he asked himself repeatedly, but could never find a satisfactory answer. Certain it was that all his inclinations tended to make him leave the place at once: his aversion to obedience, humility, endless meditations, continual manifestations of the slightest evil thought to his spiritual director. But one powerful superstition overruled all his objections. The previous evening Father Bandeau had told him of a revelation made to St. Francis Borgia, third General of the Society of Jesus, to the fact that any one dying in their Order should most certainly obtain eternal salvation.* On the other

* A similar revelation is said to have been made for the Orders of SS. Dominic and Francis, but to hold good for only a limited time; that in favor of the Jesuits to be effective forever. Pious Jesuits will not easily let slip an occasion to mention this dream of their General; as witness the worthy Pinius, who after recounting the apparition of a defunct Cistercian to St. Bernard, whereby the latter was assured of the eternal salvation of all that died in his Order, devoutly adds: “Prius vero quam hinc alio transeam, obiter monuisse lectorem meum juverit, miras prorsus esse prædictiones, quæ narrantur de morientibus in societate Jesu; prout videre datur in gloria posthuma S. Ignatii, ejusdem fundatoris, tomo VII. Julii,

hand, it had been revealed to several saintly members on their deathbed, that any one leaving the Society through any fault of his own should undoubtedly be damned forever. They themselves had seen the mountain of fire on which such reprobate souls were tortured by the fiends of hell.* Both these revelations were as stoutly believed in by every Jesuit as the very existence of God. Hence upon the death of any in the Society a banquet of rejoicing was given to his memory; for who could doubt of his place among the blessed?

On Leander, who had never dreamed yet of questioning revelations and miracles, these fables must have made a deep impression. They at least effected in him this much, to make a firm resolution never to leave the Society of his own accord. That mountain of fire was too dreadful to think of. Had it not been for this puerile fear, he would surely have left the Society before he ever put on the habit.

And here let me call the attention of the reader to the craft of the Jesuits, if he have not noticed it already. Who can doubt but that those revelations were fabricated by them for the sole purpose of chaining noble and learned but simple youths to their diabolical institute? How many worthies would they miss from their ranks, were it not for this cunning artifice of their Borgia? This is not mere speculation, it is fact. Several Jesuits, still living, have told me expressly that this was the principal reason which kept them in the Society.

O noble youth! could I have shielded thee from that ravenous wolf in sheep's clothing, when on a sudden he terminated thy salutary doubts by handing thee the vesture of deceit. Put it on! Thou art a novice now. Thy name is no longer *George*, but *Carissime Leander*! How well thy habit suiteth thee! Is it not, like the Roman toga, long and flowing? Black, to remind thee of death? Doth not the stiff collar prop up thy head, to make thee think of heaven? And doth not the cincture gird thy loins, once, alas! prurient with evil fire? And there are the holy beads dangling by thy side. Verily, thou art a soldier of the cross! Methinks the hero of Pampeluna looketh on thee with delight.

But see the face of the Master of Novices brighten with a sar-

ad diem 31 ejusdem mensis, pag. 851 et sequente."—*Acta Sanct. Bolland.* Aug. tom. IV., die 20, § X., n. 110.

* This illusion is graphically described in the Doc. Spirit.

castic smile: "Every society has its secrets; I will tell you ours. You have seen in pictures of St. Aloysius a kind of whip lying before him. This we call the discipline. Here is one!" Saying which he produced from a box in his room a thick, roughly textured cord, to which were fastened others of less thickness, but sufficient when applied together to inflict a sharp stroke. "This," continued the Father, "we apply to our bare backs on every Wednesday and Friday evening just before going to bed. The sign to begin and stop is given by the Manuductor.* You need not fear to hurt yourself with it; the harder the strokes, the better." Leander took the instrument and put it into his pocket. "That is not all yet; here there is another weapon," said the Rector, as he took from a second box a broad chain of iron, thickly studded on one side with sharp points. "This we wear every Friday morning from half past four to seven o'clock. You fasten it tightly round your waist, with the rough side turned in and close to your bare skin. Don't do like a certain novice, who put the sharp points outside and thereby had all his shirts torn; and when told to put it on the other way, naively said, 'Why that hurts!'+ Take now these two things and place them in your box under the wash-stand. Then come down again, and I shall introduce you to the novices."

Leander did as bidden, and on his return was led by the Rector into the hall of the novices, called their ascetery.† "I bring you a new companion, Carissime Leander!" The Father then took him round, mentioning the name of each novice as they passed along, who thereupon embraced his new brother very tenderly after the Jesuit fashion. This consisted in throwing the arms round each other's neck, and bringing the right cheeks close to one another; very much like the "Pax" at solemn Masses in the Roman churches. After this ceremony Father Bandeau gave a recreation of half an hour to his novices, which passed off very entertainingly in questioning and answering, all of course seasoned with a high spiritual flavor, such as is known to none but deeply devout religious.

We have thus seen our hero become a full-armed novice of the redoubtable Society of Jesus. His life as such, at least for the

* The Manuductor is an elderly novice, who holds the watch, rings the bell for the various exercises, and superintends the other novices as a kind of sub-prefect.

† This novice has since become one of the most renowned Jesuits.

‡ From ἀσκητήριον, a hermitage in Ecclesiastical Greek.

first year, was marked by nothing extraordinary to worldly eyes, but was very instructive and edifying to the eyes of religion. For he scrupulously observed every rule and regulation, went to confession every Saturday evening and to Communion twice or oftener every week, disciplined himself even to blood, wore the chain so tightly that he could barely walk—in a word, lived the life of a Jesuitical angel. His relations with his fellow-novices and with his spiritual father were also of the most amicable nature. No complaint was brought against him by the former; no reprimand administered by the latter. All that this amiable superior had to do was to check the saintly ardor of his pupil. He had noticed a too great abstemiousness of him at table; the brother who kept charge of the novices' clothes had also told him that stains of blood were sometimes seen on the shirts and drawers of Carissime Leander, doubtless the marks of his cruel flagellations. Father Bandeau gently asked his novice to be somewhat more prudent; to eat heartily, and never to scourge himself so as to tear the skin.* Leander complied, though at first almost reluctantly—such is the fascination of asceticism on enthusiastic beginners. But obedience hath ever its reward. He became a veritable contemplative. An imaginary Heaven gathered about him. I deem it more advisable, however, to keep my readers sober; and in place of rehearsing pious reveries, to give them an account, first, of the Novitiate, its surroundings and its discipline; secondly, of the Institute of the Society itself. This will both do justice to mine hero and, I trust, prove more entertaining to those that condescend to peruse my humble narrative.

VI. The Novitiate and its Discipline.

THE grounds of St. Aloysius' Novitiate, as it was in Leander's time, consisted of about 600 acres of arable, rich, gently rolling land, situated within three miles of the M——i, and not more than seven miles from its mouth. They were the donation of Monseigneur D——g, third Bishop of N——s. The house itself had been built mainly from the liberal contributions of certain wealthy Catholics, whose descendants still live in the neighborhood.

West of the house stretched a garden, the largest and fairest I

* The Rule is averse to excessive mortification. "Corporis castigatio immoderata esse non debet nec indiscreta, in vigiliis et abstinentiis, et aliis pœnitentiis externis ac laboribus, quæ et nocumentum afferre et majora bona impedire solent."

have ever seen. In it was every species of flowers that grew and could be procured in a temperate clime, while the lily, cactus, wax-flower and others native to the South were carefully tended in a large and commodious green-house, kept warm throughout the winter by means of flues. South of the garden wound a long arbor covered with ranking vines, added to which was a planted vineyard extending over several acres. The wine produced from these grapes alone sufficed for all the Jesuits of the Province. At a small distance from the house spread out on every side extensive orchards of apple, peach, pear and plum-trees. Hence was gathered enough of fruit, and manufactured plenty of cider to last the inmates for all the year round.

North of the house, at the distance of about 500 yards, stood the barn, the stables, and the hut, or rather good brick-house, of the negroes. They had been slaves before, but on the breaking out of the war they of course obtained their freedom from the politic Jesuits.* They must have been treated very kindly, however, for only one made use of his manumission, the rest preferring to remain, free or not. These negroes had also a chapel of their own in the second story of the "juniors'" department, an old frame house close to the principal mansion. Afterwards, through the zeal of one Father Buyken, an ardent Dutchman, several white farmers of the neighborhood joined the blacks in their devotions, whence arose a mixed congregation punctually repairing every Sunday and Festival to this homely place of worship.

Close to the green-house stood the infirmary, a two-story brick building, with rooms well furnished for the comfort of patients. In it dwelt Brother Moehler (the Lord be merciful to him!), one of the most useful members in the whole Province. He had been a scholastic novice before, but had long since quitted the road of science for the humbler path of menial service. He understood Greek, Latin, German, and French thoroughly; English not quite so well. He attended the sick, managed the bees, manufactured cider and vinegar, made jelly-cake, bound books—in a word, was a jack-at-all-trades. But he was no less kind-

* Was it not policy likewise that prompted the Fathers of the late Plenary Council of Baltimore to issue the 4th Chapter of the 10th Title, inscribed "De Nigrorum Salute Procuranda"? I should think so. Several of the prelates had been ardent secessionists; whence probably arose the long discussion of the subject—"diu inter Patres disceptatum est."—*Vide Conc. Acta Decreta*, lxxxix. et pp. 243-48.

hearted than useful. Leander will never forget the tender care that this good brother bestowed on him in his sickness. May he rest in peace under the weeping-willow of the Novitiate church-yard !

I must not forget to mention what struck me as very singular, a tread-mill, worked by the hoofs of four burly oxen. It did the grinding, not only for the Novitiate, but for the farmers of the neighboring country. A Jesuit brother had charge of the works.

On the western skirts of the garden stood a neat little oratory, wherein was placed on a plain altar a beautiful statue of the Virgin. Thither would repair at all hours of the day, but especially at morn and even, the devout novices, beads in hand, to perform their childlike orisons to this their tender Mother. Leander was one of the most frequent visitors ; he had always been noted for his extreme hyperdulia.* Sweet delusion ! Is it not better perhaps to remain happy in error than to become wretched by truth ?

To describe now the principal edifice itself. This was a stone house, four stories high, including basement and dormitory. In the former on the east side was the refectory, with the tables ranged along the wall, on which hung pictures of all the Generals of the Society, from St. Ignatius down to Father Roothaan, the immediate predecessor of the present incumbent, Father Beckx. Next to the refectory was the kitchen, then came the wash-room, various store-rooms, and a reading hall for the old brothers. At the west end was the cellar, thoroughly supplied with generous wines. On the second floor were the chapel, sacristy, three private rooms, the parlor, the library, and a hall for the novice brothers. The third story was divided into the ascetery for the scholastic novices and another for the "juniors," the rooms of the Rector and Socius, and five apartments for visitors and spiritual patients. The dormitory was portioned off into two large halls, one for the scholastic novices, the other for the brothers, young and old. By the side of each bed stood a wash-stand, with a closet underneath for clothes, chain, and discipline. By an arrangement of thin iron rods curtains could be drawn (and had to be at night) so as to form a little screened room for each sleeper. This was certainly a convenient and also a wise precaution, worthy the scrupulous attention of most seminary officials, who are the cause of numberless immodesties occasioned by the indiscriminate

* Catholics distinguish worship of three kinds : *cultus divinus*, that of God ; *hyperdulia*, that of the Virgin ; *dulia*, that of the Saints.

huddling into one unpartitioned room of some twenty or thirty boys.

It will have been seen from the foregoing that there was no dungeon, no trap-door, no rack, no frightful hole of any kind in the whole Novitiate. But let none be deceived. A far more dreadful torture than anything material is continually inflicted on the soul ; so terrible in its unmercifulness and intensity, when viewed in the light of reason, that the mere thought thereof freezes my blood with horror, and makes every bone in my body quake with fear. I mean the order of the day or discipline, the humiliations, the blind obedience, the whole Institute of the Society.

The following is the order of the day for the novices :—

4.30, A.M., rising ; 5.00, meditation ; 6.00, Mass ; 6.30, making of beds, each of his own—only superiors are exempted from this task on account of stringent duties ; 7.00, breakfast and free time ; 8.00, spiritual reading from the “*Diarium* ;” 8.30, manualia, which means that the novices sweep the house, work in the garden, fields, or elsewhere—pulling up weeds, digging, shovelling, wheeling off dirt in the barrow, etc. In this they have a lay-brother to direct or rather to tyrannize over them. He is specially commanded by the Master of Novices to be as hard as possible to them. I have seen many of these young men, delicately brought up and exhausted by prayer and study, actually fall to the ground from overwork. 9.30, Latin study ; 10.00, Latin class ; 10.30, free time ; 10.45, spiritual reading from “*Father Rodriguez’s Christian and Religious Perfection* ;” 11.30, free time and visit to the Blessed Sacrament ; 11.45, particular examen, whereby they try to discover a fault committed during the forenoon, and see how they have progressed in some particular virtue or perfection they wish to acquire.*

12.00 M., dinner (about the secret penances at dinner and supper I shall speak afterwards) ; 12.30 P. M., recreation. The difference between recreation and free time is this : the former permits talking, the latter not, besides demanding the time allotted to be spiritually employed ; how this is to be done must be told each novice by his superior. In recreations after dinner and supper, the novices are all together for half an hour ; then they separate into bands differently assigned every week by the *Manuductor*. Each band consists of three or four novices, who can talk among themselves, but not to those of another band. After

* *Vide Exerc. Spirit.*, pp. 81–84.

supper, before the sign of separation is given, one of the novices, each in his turn, relates in Latin some pious story or fable about the Saints; after which they disband, continuing their conversation for the rest of recreation in the Latin language. Outside of recreation, that is, for 22 out of 24 hours, the strictest silence has to be observed. If, in urgent cases, it be necessary to say a word or two, it must be done in Latin. 1.30, free time; in summer, hunting, which means to look after bugs in the dormitory; * 2.00, English reading class; 2.45, learning by heart† and recitation of two or three rules of the Society; 3.15, Greek study; 3.45, Greek class; 4.15, haustus, or the taking a glass of cider or water with a piece of dry bread; then the bringing up stairs of the water to wash with the next morning; 4.30, manualia; 5.30, spiritual reading from the "Diarium;" 6.00, on Wednesdays, fraternal correction, about which more anon; on Fridays, exhortation to all the inmates of the house by the Master of Novices, who is also the superior of the whole establishment; on other days, free time; 7.00, supper, after which the dishes are washed and the table is set by the novices; 7.45, recreation; 8.30, litanies in Latin, recited by a Father and responded to by the whole community, though the brothers, as a general thing, do not understand a word of what they say; 8.45, preparation of meditation for the coming morning; 9.00, particular examen, of the afternoon conscience; 9.15, visit to the Blessed Sacrament; 9.30, retiring.

On Thursday of each week, three hours in the forenoon and four in the afternoon are allowed to recreation and a walk, but so that all be together. At none but free time can any separate himself from his brethren. On Sundays two hours in the morning are assigned to study, two more are free time. In the afternoon

* It is always an innocent pleasure to the good novices to catch a newcomer with this pun: "We are going hunting."—"Bully! have you got a gun?"—"Oh, plenty of them!" Not a novice yet, I think, but has been sold that way.

† An exceedingly wise regulation, showing the consummate skill of the Jesuits. In countries, where the discipline is enforced most strictly, no profane studies of any kind are allowed during one's novitiate; but no spiritual consideration can dispense with the exercise of the memory, without which only a set of holy idiots could be obtained by a two years' probation. Perhaps the Fathers had pondered over what eloquent Quintilian says: "*Si quis unam maximamque a me artem memoriæ quærat, exercitatio est et labor: multa ediscere, multa cogitare, et, si fieri potest, quotidie, potentissimum est. Nihil æque vel augetur cura, vel negligentia intercidit.*"—*Inst. Orator.*, Lib. xi. Cap. ii. num. 40.

four hours for walk and recreation, after which Benediction; neither High Mass nor Vespers are celebrated in the Novitiate.

Such on the whole is the order of the day all the year round. It must have been noticed that the novice has strictly speaking not a moment of time which he can call his own. He is driven to everything, willing or unwilling. What do I say? Can a Jesuit have a will? "*Volo et Nolo non habitant in nostra domo*,"* says the man whom Jesuits fondly call "our holy Father Ignatius." And for what is all this torture of the spirit? We shall see by and by.

VII. Institute of the Society of Jesus.

ALL the world knows that on the 15th August, 1534, the first foundation of the Society of Jesus was laid in the church of Our Lady of Montmartre at Paris. There at the foot of the altar were the first vows pronounced by Ignatius Loyola, Peter Faber, Francis Xavier, James Lainez, Alphonsus Salmeron, Simon Rodriguez, and Nicholas Bobadilla. A company of men so select for learning and zeal, that their successors may have equalled them occasionally, but have never surpassed them. Six years afterwards, this new-formed society was raised to the rank of a religious order, and its name and form approved in the bull, "*Regimini militantis Ecclesiæ*," issued by Pope Paul III. on the 27th September, 1540. Since then it has continued with the slight interruption of 41 years (from 1773 to 1814) up to the present time.

All the world too bears witness to the immediate and marvellous success of the new Order. Devout Jesuits attribute this to a vision with which their Founder was favored on his way from Sienna to Rome. Entering a chapel by the roadside he fell into an ecstasy, wherein he "distinctly beheld the Eternal Father, who regarded him with an aspect of ineffable goodness, and then turned towards his Divine Son, laden with his cross; and to quote the exact words of Ignatius: 'He gave me to Christ as a portion, said He, to be henceforth entirely consecrated to His service.' Immediately the Son of God appearing to accept him, looked at him with an expression of the most divine benignity, and Ignatius

* *Sententiarum S. P. Ignatii Selectarum Sexta.*—Ex. Sp. Append. p. 280.

heard these words: 'Ego vobis Romæ propitius ero!'"* Pious Catholics consider it a new instance of that watchful Providence which never forsakes the Church in sudden emergencies; to use their own words: "As St. Augustine was chosen to confound the Manicheans, St. Dominic the Albigenses, so was St. Ignatius called by God especially to resist the progress of the infamous Luther." We of course must reject with disdain all the like dreams and destinies; and we can do this the more readily when, as we shall see, the internal policy itself of the Society sufficiently explains all its success in the field of proselytism and aggrandizement.

Numerous works have appeared on the Institute of this remarkable Company.† The Jesuits themselves have been exceedingly candid to make known to the world whatever might enhance their ability and renown. Their enemies, on the other hand, have been perhaps too severe on them in several points of condemnation. I shall content myself to picture their institute as it exists in practice, and has fallen under my own observation, leaving the philosophy thereof to each one's reflection.

The Constitution of the Society in full, which is very voluminous, is not given to the Jesuit till many years after the emission of his first vows. It would be dangerous to let him see those inner machinations before he is thoroughly imbued with the true Jesuitical spirit. My novice Leander once got hold of a volume of the "Institute" by stealth, for which he received a terrible reprimand. All that the scholastic novice is permitted to see of the Constitution consists in the following books: "Rules of the Society of Jesus" (in English, for the use of lay brothers); *Thesaurus Spiritualis Societatis Jesu*," wherein are contained "Exercitia Spiritualia, Directorium in Exercitia, Industriæ R. P. Claudii Aquavivæ, Epistola S. P. N. Ignatii de Virtute Obedientiæ, Summarium Constitutionum, Regulæ Communes, Regulæ Modestæ, Regulæ Scholasticorum, Sacerdotum, Concionatorum, Summa Instituti Nostri;" "Documenta Spiritulia;" "Summary of Bulls and Constitutions" (Manuscript). Once every week a rule

* Bartoli's *Life of St. Ignatius*, vol. i. p. 293.

† Jesuit historiographers and panegyrists of their Institute are Ribadeira, Orlandinus, Sacchinus, Juvencius, Bartoli, Ravignan; among the impartial may be classed Cretineau-Joly, Brühl, Buss, Dallas, Riffel; those particularly hostile to the Society are Doller, Clemencet and the other compilers of the "Extraits des assertions dangereuses et pernicieuses des Jesuites," Voltaire, Niccolini, Pascal, Meiners.

or two are explained by the Rector to the novices, who take notes thereof, and write them very carefully into a little book which each one has for the purpose. These oral explanations throw a great light on many otherwise scarcely intelligible points of the Institute, and afford to the rational investigator a pretty thorough insight into the secret workings of the Society.

One of the first parts in the construction of Jesuitism that strikes us as singular, is the difference of degrees. Those whose knowledge of the Order is confined to books will hardly ever understand it thoroughly. Yet a practical exposition will, I trust, make it quite intelligible.

First, there are two principal classes: laic and cleric. As soon as one enters the Society, it is at once determined to which of these two he is to belong. When judged for the laical state, he is first a postulant for some days, then a novice brother for two years, after which he takes the three usual vows with the additional promise to serve the Society perpetually. He is now simply a "brother," and continues such for ten or fifteen years; then he emits his last vows irrevocably, which makes him "temporal coadjutor." In rare cases he may take the additional fourth vow, (the same as that of professed priests,) which would constitute him a quasi professed brother.* All Jesuit brothers are strictly forbidden to learn either to read or to write; should they have learned it whilst yet in the world, they must not practise it in the Society without the express license (hardly ever given) of their superior. They must be employed solely in manual labor, as cooks, tailors, shoemakers, porters, house-cleaners, farmers, etc., all of course in the interest of the Society. They are the slaves as it were of the clerical Jesuits, whom they are taught to look upon as much superior to themselves. In this country they wear no peculiar dress, but in Europe they have a *soutane* like the priests, only a foot shorter.

Persons like Leander, who have had a classical education, are set apart for the clerical state. Such a one is first, as usual, a postulant for three or more days; he then receives the habit, a garment very similar to the cassocks of secular priests, except that it is fastened with a cincture or belt, and has an upright collar—leather lined with black cloth—over which a little of

* I am not absolutely certain about this fourth vow as it regards temporal coadjutors.

the white shirt-collar is elegantly bent.* This makes him a "scholastic novice," and as such he continues for two years, when, if judged worthy, he nuncupates the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience with the promise to serve the Society in perpetuum.† While a novice, his title has been "*carissime*,"‡ dearest; it is now simply "Mr.;"§ the skullcap worn by the former he exchanges for the *biretum* of the priests, and his station in the Society is known as that of "scholastic." If, as is the regular course, he remains for two years more at the Novitiate, studying rhetoric and the languages, he is called a "junior." After this he is sent to some college to teach, still continuing his classical studies. Five years are generally allowed for this occupation. He then leaves off teaching, giving himself altogether for three years to the study of philosophy and the higher mathematics; after which four years more are reserved for dogmatic, scholastic, and moral theology. By this time it is necessary that the soul should have some extra food, should be trained, as St. Ignatius expresses it, "*in schola affectus*." So an entire year is devoted to a second novitiate, called the "tertianship,"

* "There is no particular costume in the Society. As for the upright collar which we wear, St. Ignatius, who was a Spaniard, had borrowed it from the modest costume of the priests of his country. . . . Yet this dress is not so exclusively adopted by us, as to make it necessary for us to wear it in all countries. We may adopt another, if there is any good reason for doing so, or if the customs of the place make it advisable; but in our clerical quality, it ought always to be an ecclesiastical habit. As for the form and material, three conditions were prescribed by St. Ignatius; modesty, conformity to the customs of the place where we live, and to the spirit of poverty: *ut honestus sit; ut ad usum loci, in quo vivitur, accommodatus; ut professioni paupertatis non repugnet*."—*Bartoli, op. cit.*, vol. ii. pp. 36 and 37.

† The formula of the simple vows is given in the Book of Rules. Its substance, as far as I remember, is this: "*Omnipotens et æterne Deus . . . ego undecumque indignissimus . . . voveo perpetuam Paupertatem, Castitatem et Obedientiam in hac Societate Jesu, atque insuper promitto me eidem Societati in perpetuum inservitutum*."

‡ One day the novices had a little dispute as to the proper use of this term. Some maintained that it was purely Latin, and should, therefore, be varied in English as much as possible according to the Latin declension. Others insisted that it had been Anglicized, and consequently should always stand *carissime* for the singular, and *carissimi* or *carissimes* for the plural. As the worthy Master of Novices adopted the latter method, I deem it my bounden duty to follow him, though every linguist should say it is wrong.

§ An Americanism. In Belgium, if I mistake not, the title is "*Frère*."

the beginning of which is made by a retreat of thirty days, followed by ordinations to the priesthood, which confers on the recipient the title of "Father." Seventeen years have thus been passed in the Society, seventeen years of unremitted study, ascetic exercises, and blind obedience; seventeen years of one continuous trial, in the course of which for any important fault or defect one may be dismissed from the Order, freed of his vows by the omnipotent word of the Provincial. At the end of the tertianship, though sometimes not till several years after, the neo-presbyter takes his last vows, either a mere repetition, but final and irrevocable, of his first vows, which would make him "spiritual coadjutor," or with the additional fourth vow—to go at the least intimation from the Supreme Pontiff to any country however barbarous on earth for the dissemination of the Catholic creed*—whereby he is constituted "professed Father," the highest degree in the Society. To reach this grade one must be a priest of extensive learning, remarkable piety, unflinching zeal, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Order. Only few attain this distinction; they are not known as such to the world, scarcely even to their own brethren.† Spiritual coadjutors may become presidents‡ of colleges, rectors of religious houses, masters of novices; none but professed Fathers can become provincials and generals.

It will thus be seen that the lay and clerical classes are subdivided as follows: in the former, *simple brothers, temporal coadjutors, brothers of the fourth vow*; in the latter, *scholastics, spiritual coadjutors, professed Fathers*. The method of training from the novitiate up to the emission of the last vows admits of much variety in the cleric-state. Thus, a scholastic of whom not much is expected, is allowed but little time for study, is ordained priest in a short time (sometimes even before he knows anything of dogma), and has to drudge the rest of his life in the confes-

* "Veluti viatores, omni tempore parati, expectantesque diem et horam qua vel ad extremas orbis regiones, cum venit usus, emittantur."—*Bull of Gregory XIII.*

† My professor in rhetoric and astronomy, author of a celebrated devotional work, was a professed Father.

‡ A worldly term, unsanctioned by Jesuit nomenclature. The superior of a college, novitiate, missionary establishment of any kind, is styled "rector." If none but professed Fathers live under him, he is called "præpositus." The superior of a province is "præpositus provincialis;" the head of the whole Society "præpositus generalis."

sional. But the course given above is generally adopted with members of rare abilities, Jesuits on whom great hopes are founded for the future.

VIII. *Institute of the Society* (CONTINUED).

HAVING seen the various degrees in the Society, we must next examine its chief characteristics; and of these we cannot obtain a clearer idea than by making ourselves acquainted with the real end of the Order and with the means employed to secure that end.

Jesuits tell us that their final and only object is "the greater glory of God." Surely the most praiseworthy end that any creature can have. Nothing sounds more innocent than such a motto in the abstract; but when we descend to the concrete, it is then that this very zeal for God's greater glory becomes the most cruel of all the tyrannies that devastate the earth—religious fanaticism.

How is this greater glory of God to be procured? Jesuits of every hue answer without the slightest hesitancy: by spreading the Catholic faith. And through whom? Through us, the Society of Jesus. And by what means? By any that our superiors may ordain. Here, then, lies the corner-stone of all Jesuitism—blind submission to every order emanating from the General through the various intermediate superiors to any member of the Society.

Ignatius himself declares that obedience is to be the characteristic virtue of his children. For this purpose he penned down his long Epistle on Obedience; for this he recurs incessantly in his rules to the same virtue; for this he is so fond of always comparing the members to sticks in the hands of old men. Why so? Because the Society could never be what it is except for the like submissiveness. It is composed of learned men; now learning puffeth up, and a proud man will not obey. Cease, then, to inculcate obedience to Jesuits; their Order will be broken up in an instant.

But obedience is of different degrees. That to the civil authority consists in mere external observance; that to the Church in points relative to faith and morals; that required by most religious orders in all that is not sinful. Jesuitism goes beyond this.

The Jesuit must never ask himself whether that which his Superior commands him to do be sinful or not. Should he show

such a tenderness of conscience in the novitiate, he would never be admitted to his vows. The only liberty allowed is this: should it appear evident to him that the command of his Superior is downright sin, he can manifest to him his scruples. If the Superior still insists, he must obey, right or wrong. Even should the most flagitious act in the world be thus committed, the perpetrator is not responsible; he has obeyed his Superior, who to him is God.* So say the Constitutions.

It is evident that to secure such an obedience, it is necessary first of all to kill reason itself. This is begun in the novitiate. The most absurd things are enjoined on the novices: to plant cabbage with the heads in the ground and the roots in the air, to water dry sticks, etc. In the scholasticate none can study except according to the "*Ratio Studiorum R. P. Aquavivæ*." † In philosophy and theology it is a crime deserving of expulsion to entertain any opinion outside the peculiar ones of the Society, *e. g.*, to assert the lawfulness of tyrannicide, ‡ to oppose the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, § to follow the opinion of the Thomists on the subject of divine grace. || What

* "He that obeys, if he does not believe that it is God commands, and that it is God he obeys, will not only fail in the perfection of obedience, but even in the very essence of it."—*Rodriguez's Christian and Religious Perfection*, vol. iii. p. 261. I could not depict blind obedience in stronger colors than this Jesuit requires it of all. See the whole treatise, pp. 208–287. Passages from the Constitution support him throughout.

† Claudius Aquaviva, fifth General of the Society, was the founder of its scholastic discipline. As it may interest some readers to have the list of all the Jesuit Generals, I give it here in chronological order: St. Ignatius Loyola, James Lainez, St. Francis Borgia, Everard Mercurian, Claudius Aquaviva, Mutius Vitelleschi, Vincent Caraffa, Francis Piccolomini, Alexander Godefredus, Goswin Nickel, John Paul Oliva, Charles de Noyelle, Gonzalez de Santalla, Michael Angelo Tamburini, Francis Retz, Ignatius Visconti, Aloysius Centurione, Lorenzo Ricci, John Roothaan, Peter Beckx.

‡ A rule made to avert the evil impression created by Father Mariana's fearless book, "*De Rege et Regis Institutione*." For a sketch of its salient features see "*Lecky's Rationalism in Europe*," vol. ii. pp. 150–156. Mariana was a genuine republican in the midst of monarchical slaves, a Jesuit who did not scruple to denounce the tyranny of his own Order, and a Spaniard who did not fear to raise a threatening voice against his king. Champion of liberty! when shall thy Society produce the like of thee again?

§ Declared an article of saving faith in 1854. It took a long time to find it out.

|| I shall dwell on this exciting controversy in the second part of my work.

a check on free inquiry is placed by this rule concerning all: "None must have books with himself or read any without the express permission of his Superior."*

Pride being the chief obstacle to blind obedience (this term is used continually in the Rule), it is of the first importance that it be taken up by the very roots. To secure this more effectually, various humiliations are set down by rule to be undergone by the members. Such are washing the dishes, peeling potatoes, wearing patched clothes. A more effective mode is to get the novice on his knees in the ascetery before the Rector and all the novices. These accuse him of different faults, the more the better; after which he receives a sound scolding from the Superior. Often those faults exist only in imagination; sometimes they are nothing but the result of spite and jealousy in others; but of this the culprit never dare complain. The most efficient humiliations of all, however, are the penances in the refectory, which are performed in this wise.

The novice having transgressed a rule, or imagined to have transgressed it, goes to the room of Father Rector, gets on his knees before him, and confesses his fault. He then is told what penance to do. All having assembled for dinner or supper, he whose penance it is to pray with outstretched arms, kneels down in the middle of the refectory, and extends his arms as if they were nailed to a cross, in which posture he remains while the prayers (rather long) are recited by the community. After this, when the others have sat down to eat, he says aloud the following formula: "Reverend Fathers and beloved brethren, I accuse myself of having broken the rule of—silence, for example,—for which Holy Obedience has imposed on me the penance to pray with extended arms." If the penance be any other, he does not kneel down till grace has been said, and he then varies his formula to "kissing the feet of the community," or "taking my meal at the small table," as the case may be.† This he proceeds to do forthwith. He crawls on his knees all round the refectory, and kisses with a hearty smack the polished shoes of the clergy or the dirty boots of the brothers. For the other penance mentioned a little table is placed in the centre of the room, from

* "Nemo secum libros habeat aut legat absque Superioris licentia."—*Regulæ Communes*.

† Rodriguez mentions two other penances, "to eat under the table, and to lie prostrate at the door of the refectory" (op. cit., vol. ii. pag. 213); but they are not practised in this country.

which the pious sinner takes his food while crouching on his knees. These humiliating penances are not confined to the novitiate; they extend through life; venerable missionaries and hoary divines may be seen performing them as readily as the most ardent novice.

Yet these are no more than ordinary humiliations. Extraordinary diseases require extraordinary remedies, and Jesuitical craft will not be long at finding out devices not contained, perhaps, in any written book. The case of Leander will furnish us some such instances of singular antidotes applied to cure him of his haughty venom. Many may recall that Portuguese nobleman, who, immediately after his entrance into the Society, was put on a blind old mule, with his face turned to the tail, and had thus to make his tour through the streets of Lisbon; for which humiliation, adds the devout Jesuit chronicler, he merited the palm of martyrdom. Even in our country was a certain novice, the son of a wealthy citizen, sent to appear in his native town with a crumpled beaver on his head, and an old coat reaching to his heels.

So much for blind obedience and base humility, two virtues which I never had, nor shall likely ever acquire; so that if one must be damned for the want of them, my damnation is certain.

Poverty, which enthusiastic Francesco d'Assisi called his *cara donna*, is enjoined in the strictest terms upon all the members. They cannot have so much as a pin without first asking leave to take it. If their clothes or shoes be torn, they must first acquaint the Rector or Minister* of the fact, and obtain his permission to have them mended by the appointed brother. They can never ask for new clothes, but must wear their tatters till the Superior tell them otherwise. As soon as one enters the novitiate, every cent of money, if he have any, is taken away from him. That is the last he gets to see of money in any shape. Leander, as said, entered the Order on the breaking out of the war; then all was gold and silver with none but dollar-bills. When two years afterwards he left, and obtained his first sight of shinplasters (vulgarly so called), he verily mistook a five-cent piece for a bill of five dollars. Poor Leander!

As to chastity, there can be no question that it is observed more perfectly in the Society than anywhere else. He who should

* The Minister among Jesuits is a Father who has charge of the temporal affairs of the house.

accuse the Jesuits as a body of being contaminated with impurities, or even indecencies, would but evince his own ignorance and stupidity.* This agreeable feature will no longer appear strange if we consider the extraordinary care taken to preserve that virtue intact. Besides the corporal inflictions of chains and disciplines, often to blood, the continual intensity with which the mind is applied to prayer, meditation, and study, is of itself sufficient, not only to banish evil thoughts, but also to exsiccate as it were those superfluous humors in the body, whence arise irregular motions. Look at a perfect Jesuit, and judge whether Venus can have much power over him. He is pale, thin, and haggard; he seems all soul and mind, nothing of body. And yet virgineal solicitude is not content. The remedies thus far mentioned are only the corselet of the Jesuit; besides this he has the shield of modesty, which must first be broken before the coat-of-mail can be attacked. I mean the Rules of Modesty so scrupulously enforced. Among these are the following: "Every one must walk erect, and at a moderate pace, and must keep his eyes cast down, turning them neither to the right nor to the left. Wrinkles in the forehead, and especially in the nose, must be avoided. None must touch another, not even in jest or by way of play.† When it is necessary for the priests to speak to a woman, they must not by any means look into her face, but must keep their eyes

* Yet it is a sad proof of man's frailty, that so many young Jesuits do nevertheless lose their vocation by falling victims to the pernicious charms of the fair sex. Three promising members have thus been conquered in my natal city alone; they are married now, for better or for worse; one, alas! out of the Church and to a Protestant lady. Such a calamity will indeed never befall the Jesuit that observeth his Rule, that manifesteth his conscience to his ghostly Father, and that keepeth his eyes modestly to the ground. My confessor said that the reading of the poets had an evil effect, still worse a passion for music. And that he was right was clearly shown in the case of one of those very three Jesuits that fell off. A young lady told me the whole tragedy. He was an exquisite musician, and hence was often invited by neighboring priests to give instructions to their choirs. In one of these there happened to be a fair damsel with a voice as sweet as a canary's. She captivated him; of an evening he could barely be persuaded to return home, so much did he desire to remain all night at her house. That took away from him the grace of his vocation; he left the Society and married his charming cantatrice. "*Hic diabolus capiat eum*," as Swinburne says.

† The only exception to this rule, the fraternal embrace mentioned previously, is of rare occurrence; at extraordinary meetings, reception of novices, return of missionaries, and the like.

modestly fixed to the ground.”* These rules, I have but little doubt, are observed pretty closely. By them alone it is easy to discover a Jesuit amid a crowd of people.

Enough has now been said, in my opinion, to give the reader an insight into the principal characteristics of Jesuit culture. It remains to examine the real spirit which animates all those peculiar features, makes of apparently hard regulations an easy observance, and infuses the indomitable energy to reach a fixed purpose. Non-Catholics will already abhor them from the mere fact that they are avowedly intended for the universal spread of the Catholic religion. The question is now: Can even sincere Catholics approve of an Institute, when its real though not expressed intentions are revealed? This we shall try to elucidate in the following chapter.

IX. The Spirit of Jesuitism.

SHOULD a person outside of Religion, or having just entered it, ask of a Jesuit what is the spirit of his Society, he would very probably be directed to those words of Father Ribadeneira, which have ever since figured in the Constitutions as the “Sum of our Institute:” “The Rule which we follow requires that we be men crucified to the world, and for whom the world itself is crucified. Men who strip themselves of all their natural affections, to clothe themselves with Christ; dead to themselves, that they may live for justice; who, as St. Paul says, show themselves to be the ministers of God in labors, in watchings, and in fastings, by their chastity, their learning, their sincere charity; who combat to the right and to the left with the arms of justice, in glory or in vileness, through good or evil report; patient in tribulation or in prosperity—men, in short, whose whole efforts tend to reach their heavenly country, and who assist others to the same goal by every means in their power—always keeping God’s greater glory in view.”†

* *Regulæ Modestiae et Sacerdotum* (Thes. Sp. Soc. Jesu).

† *Homines mundo crucifixos et quibus mundus ipse sit crucifixus, vitæ nostræ ratio nos esse postulat. Homines, inquam, novos, qui suis se affectibus exuerint, ut Christum induerent; sibi mortuos, ut justitiæ vivant. Qui, ut divus Paulus ait, in laboribus, in vigiliis, in jejuniis, in castitate, in scientia, in charitate non ficta, in verbo veritatis se Dei ministros exhibeant; per arma justitiæ a dextris et a sinistris, per gloriam et ignobilitatem, per infamiam et bonam famam, per prospera denique et adversa*

Any one hearing the above, and finding himself incapable of such perfection, would be seized with an intense admiration for the men that battle so heroically for its possession; while he who has a lofty soul, eagerly grasping all that is grand and arduous, would be filled with a burning desire to reach that saintly goal himself. It is this latter motive which impels the young novice to break through all the ties of nature, and offer himself a willing holocaust at the shrine of the Society. By degrees becoming more systematic, he asks for a stricter explanation of that sublime "Summa." He then is told that he must forget what he deemed himself before, a person, which Boethius defines "an individual substance of rational nature," or, as others wish, "a rational subsistence." Rational—what have I said? Why, a Jesuit can use his reason no more than a dog or a stick. No, but he must forget that there is any individuality about him, that he has a will of his own, a judgment of his own—that he is accountable to God for any reproaches of his conscience; that he has a father and a mother in the world who love him; that there is such a thing as tenderness of heart, forbearance with parental and kindred affections; that, in fine, he may have a single thought beyond the interests of his Order which God does not condemn. Soul and body must he deliver himself up to the Society, to be henceforth like the branch of a great tree, which can only live by being one with the trunk, but which must die and be cast into the fire if it dare break off.

Were Jesuits to give this candid explanation to persons still living in the world, how few would be their proselytes! I have tried the experiment on several young men who showed an inclination to enter the Society. "Are you willing," asked I, "to renounce yourselves entirely?—to forget that you are Paul —, George —?" "Not by any means," they quickly answered; and all their fervor had evaporated.

During one period of her existence, indeed, the Society departed from the selfish rigor of her Institute, and she cannot help acknowledging that it redounded immensely to her glory. Individual opinions were allowed greater scope in her pale; Frenchman and Spaniard could advocate the interests of their respective countries without severing the bond of fraternity; theolo-

magnis itineribus ad cœlestem patriam et ipsi contendunt, et alios etiam quacumque possint ope studioque compellant, maximam Dei gloriam semper intuentes.

Gians and philosophers were fettered by no defining rule of purely Jesuit doctrine. Then it was that Mariana shook the thrones of tyrants, that Molina broke the horrors of divine predestination, that Spée dispelled the illusions of bewitched Europe, that Escobar soothed the conscience of man. "By a system of the boldest casuistry, by a fearless use of their private judgment in all matters which the Church had not strictly defined, and above all by a skilful employment and expansion of some of the maxims of the schoolmen, they succeeded in disentangling themselves from the traditions of the past, and in giving an impulse to liberalism wherever their influence extended."* Those days have passed; Jesuitic rigor is now as selfish as it was in the time of Ignatius. Yet who are the sufferers but the Jesuits themselves? Ever since their government resumed its despotic character it has "proved inimical to the growth of individuality among them, and though the institution, as a whole, has flourished, it has failed remarkably to produce originality in intellect or in character."† Individual reason will ever assert its rights, and revenge itself on the aggressor. Would that the chiefs of the Society owned the truth! They see it not as yet;‡ they obstinately believe that none can be a true Jesuit unless he renounce his own self entirely for the common interest of the whole Order.

This necessity of being thoroughly infused into Jesuitism, is made palpable to the young novices day after day. Soon they receive such hints as the following: "I notice," said Father Baudeau one day, "that in peeling potatoes some of you take off much more than the mere skin; that in working out in the garden some do not tuck up their cassocks high enough, so as to save them from being soiled or torn; that in sweeping the house many handle the brooms too roughly. This is not the right way, Carissimi! You must remember that you are one with the Society, your dear mother. In saving any expense to her you save it for

* Lecky's *Rationalism in Europe*, vol. ii. p. 147.

† *Id. ibid.*, p. 161.

‡ An example of this intellectual tyranny just strikes my mind. One of my professors, a thorough mathematician, had solved the great problem of squaring the circle. He wished to teach it, or make it known publicly. His superiors only laughed at him, forbidding him peremptorily to say any more about his silly problem. Yet this learned professor was fully persuaded of the correctness of his solution; and to me and many others, to whom he showed the proof, it seemed perfectly satisfactory. I told him plainly that I saw but little merit in his blind obedience; I would have my problem fairly tested, or I would leave those tyrants altogether.

yourselves. You must therefore be very attentive to keep them from being decayed, broken, or lost; and should you ever be the cause of the least damage, do not omit to perform at once the assigned penance in the refectory. These things may be little in themselves; but unless you practise yourselves in these little things betimes, you will hardly ever acquire that intense solicitude for the greater interests of the Society afterwards, wherein consist our strength and prosperity."

All well enough for a zealous Catholic. What destiny more noble than to belong to a society, whose professed object it is to extend our holy faith, to be a flying-camp of the Pope's army, to confound heretics with a cloud of learned sophisms, or, if that avail not, to extinguish them by the secular arm of the holy Inquisition! But allay thine ardor awhile, and be guided by reason and reflection.

Religious orders start out as the most devoted and submissive children of the Church. None can be more serviceable than they as long as they are comparatively insignificant. But no sooner have they increased in numbers and riches than they become the most dangerous of all enemies. They forget that they are only dependents of a higher power. As the feudal dukes of France and Spain were in reality more powerful than the kings themselves, and knew it, and acted upon their strength; so the monastic orders, at least the principal, are the real depositories of power in the Church, controlling her influence, regulating her discipline, defining her doctrine. Were it not for monachism, the Church might still possess her apostolic purity and simplicity. Egyptian hermits first debased matrimony and exaggerated virginity. After them the Benedictines confined perfection to the cloister. During the Middle Ages the Franciscans shed a halo of sanctity round the contemptible act of begging, whilst the Dominicans chained down all theosophy to a vain scholasticism. Then arose the giantess, who for three hundred years has held the sanctuary—the Society of Jesus. She it was, not Rome, who enforced sacerdotal celibacy by an anathema, raised the Pope above an œcumenical council, defined the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. She still rules the Church. In the forthcoming general Council she will stand up in all her power; one of her sons already forges the anathemas that must rivet the conscience of millions; Catholicism will be more than ever transformed into the Christianity of Loyola.

Jesuits are aware of their importance, their learning,* their sanctity. Hence the supreme contempt with which they look upon all outside their pale. They ridicule the general impotence, ignorance, and viciousness of the other regular and the secular clergy. One of their oracles did not hesitate to affirm some time ago, that most of the secular priests in this country would infallibly go to hell; and his word was piously thought true by Leander himself. For it takes not more than a year or so to make a new man out of the all-ready novice. With the rest of his brethren he considers Jesuits as the only Christians who deserve that name. For this are they called Jesuits, because they alone are the true followers of Jesus. Leander once deemed it an excess of divine mercy that any out of the Society should ever be saved.

The real spirit of the Society is accordingly this: The members must labor for nothing else than the extension, renown, and power of their own Order. The Church at large is out of question; they themselves are the Church par excellence. But nothing of this must be let known to outsiders. Far from it! Deceit, craft, anything must be employed to maintain and increase their glory, without compromising themselves in the face of a jealous and infallible hierarchy. To the Pope they must be as devoted soldiers, to the bishops as submissive priests, to other monks as brethren of the same mind, to the secular clergy as zealous preachers of holy retreats. The love of the people must be secured by untiring exertions in the confessional, at the altar, and in the pulpit; youth must be attached to them by skilful training in their colleges; the whole world must respect them for their learning.

Wealth, the chief source of power, must not be neglected. Individually none can hold property of any kind; but the Society as such can; though what is each member but an inseparable part of the whole body? For this end, besides the goodly incomes from teaching, preaching retreats,† etc., the rich have to be flattered into liberality. "Although we be poor, and must preach the Gospel to the poor," said the Master of Novices, "we

* Yet learning can be allowed the Society only as a body, not indiscriminately to every member. Some Jesuits are very illiterate; they would disgrace any learned profession.

† For frightening a set of secular priests with the "place of torments," a worthy missionary of this poor Society of Jesus did not scruple to take the little sum of two hundred dollars.

must not neglect the rich ; on the contrary, we must try to go on their good side, that so they may favor us with their earthly possessions." The best trick that can be played this way is to induce the son of wealthy parents to join the Society. After he has taken the vows, he of course cannot retain any goods of his own ; he must renounce his inheritance ; and in whose favor ? " He is to be exhorted," say the Constitutions, "in the smoothest and least offensive manner possible, to make over his riches to the Society."

Politics can nowise be discarded by an Order, itself founded on the most consummate policy in the world. Superiors have to be always on the lookout to see which party or dynasty is in the ascendant, and to that they must attach themselves. The shrewdest artifice to secure their interests in this line is to become the confessors of queens, princesses, noble ladies, and other such stuff in high society. They are thus enabled to gather information of the political machinations at court, the tendencies of governments, and the plots of diplomatic intrigue. For what will not a woman reveal, when her mind is confused with the wily sophisms of a priest, and she is threatened with eternal fire in case of refusal ? Will she not also prevail on her husband or paramour to work in the interests of her ghostly counsellors ? Woman has always been a gentle helper of the Jesuits ;* when the whole world, Church and State, stood armed against them, Catharine II. of Russia offered them a safe asylum in her country ; holy nuns have asked repeatedly, though in vain, to become their sisters and be called Jesuitesses.† In republics this scheming for the patronage and confidence of the first men of the government can hardly obtain, at least not as long as Protestant or Infidel representatives direct the helm. Hence it is probable that they possess but little favor in the eyes of Jesuits. There can be found in them no Philip II., Juan of Austria, Charles III., to

* In one instance, however, they were deceived in a fair lamb. Madame de Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV., on finding the Fathers unwilling to approve of her licentious conduct, instigated the philosophers of France against the Society, and was one of the main causes of its abolition in 1773. An eternal monument of glory to the Jesuits and of infamy to their enemies !

† When denied their request they took the name of "Ladies of the Sacred Heart;" but their Institute is framed after that of Ignatius. Jesuits know too well what scandals result from such spiritual liaisons ; and so they shrewdly keep away.

carry out their persecuting schemes.* But one feature of Jesuitic policy prevails in all countries; to gain over the rich and powerful of the nation to their own interests. The poor people demand but little attention of these noble-minded intriguers; by them they can never secure the conquest of the world, the last and dearest object of their ambition. Judge now, dear Catholic, for thyself!

But I will now return to my own Leander. He knew not yet what he was only beginning to learn. When the pure light of reason was shed into his soul, it was then that all the dark problems of his previous life became distinct and intelligible. Like the shipwrecked mariner whom the ocean billows have swept upon the green-clad shore, he at first lay stunned with surprise, then doubted was it a dream or real, till fully convinced he sank upon his knees and thanked God for having brought him at last to the infallible truth, which is the life of the soul.

X. Pleasant Side of the Picture.

RELIGIOUSLY and even saintly, as said, passed the first year of Leander's probation. Moreover it was, what may seem strange at first, a really happy time for him. Little however is requisite to ensure a person's felicity, if he be religious by nature and full of unshaken faith in the objects of his adoration. Such was our hero at that period of his life. Added to this, he had nothing to disturb, vex, or mortify his spirit. The only special probation

* Nothing can be more sickening to a tolerant mind than the bloody laurels heaped upon those princes by their Jesuit admirers. To exterminate heretics is by them extolled as the first virtue of a king. Read for a specimen the dedication of Maldonati's Commentaries to Charles III., Duke of Calabria, etc., by the Jesuit theologians of Pont-à-Mousson. I extract the following: "Posterior vero avus tuus Antonius Renati F. ob pietatem, integritatem, mansuetudinem Boni cognomen adeptus, ardenti, quo erga Religionem flagrabat, zelo primus pene Europæorum Principum in hæreticos signum sustulit, ac Lutheranos Rusticos furia illa Wittembergensi bellicum canente adversus Principes Christianos magnis copiis armatos profligavit, ac arma strage ad sexaginta nimirum millia tribus præliis concidit. Horum tu zelum imitaris apprime, tantorum Principum vera et germana proles, et pro virili hoc infelici tempore, quo tot aliæ provinciæ hæreticos perferunt, tu eos in tua Lotharingia hærere non pateris, sed longe a tuis finibus amoves."—JOANNIS MALDONATI S. J., *Commentariorum*, vol. i. p. vii.

assigned for the first year is "the long retreat," in which thirty days are devoted to meditation and prayer. To a worldly man this must sound like the knell of death. With Leander it was a mere plaything. Every day throughout that month he spent four hours on his knees in meditation, two hours in the chapel praying before the Blessed Sacrament, and the remainder in spiritual reading, examination of conscience, and pious musings. During all that time the strictest silence had to be kept ; a slight recreation of not more than 10 hours out of 720 being granted as a special dispensation to the infirm youth of this degenerate country.* From out that retreat Leander came indeed pale and haggard, with his back nearly broken by the long genuflections and his lungs perhaps affected with a slight phthisis, but with his spirit inflamed with a passionate longing for religious perfection.

Was this extreme sanctity which thus permeated the whole of the Novitiate a continual cloud of moroseness and melancholy ? One might be led to think so from the rigid discipline so unmercifully enforced. But it was not thus. A company of happier faces than those of the novices were probably never brought together. Except when revolving some frightful picture of sin and hell, they were always serene and even smiling. The most trivial piece of wit or folly sent a thrill of laughter all around. Did a ludicrous passage occur in the reading at table, did a student but a few months since transplanted from the old country make his first attempt at an English essay, seasoned here and there with an out of the way Gallicism or Germanism ; did an ecstatic novice so far forget himself as to take the looking-glass for the wash-basin—how well did those good-hearted youths enjoy it ! But it was in recreation especially that they gave full reins to their sprightly feelings. Then were the jolly days of college life repeated : the oddities of learned professors, the tricks of playsome students, the little adventures of boyish heroes. Even if these grew stale, there was abundant source for laughter in the strange accidents that happened nearly every day. Such were the ecstasies in the morning meditations. Often did a novice assent so readily to the inspirations of the spirit, that he gave profound nods to the desk before him, and even tumbled submissively to the floor, overcome by—sleep. He was then said to have fallen into an ecstasy. Or a new-comer would have his first trial with

* In Europe the retreaters are not allowed to say a word throughout the thirty days ; and this is the rule laid down by St. Ignatius.

the discipline. Going with all possible zeal into the performance he gave his whip a lusty flourish, but had no sooner felt the smarting blow on his tender back that he cried out distressingly, "ouch!" Or it was to go through the task of reciting some rules unto the Manuductor. He posted himself at the head of the table in the ascetery, the novices standing in order at either side. Owing probably to the singularities of each new functionary of that office, one of whom would finish the recitant's part with "Satis," another with "Sufficit," as also to the strange blunders committed by some reciters, *e. g.* saying instead of "*Nemo libros habeat*" (None must have *books*), "*Nemo liberos habeat sine Superioris licentia*" (None must have *children* without the Superior's permission)—owing to similar cases, an infectious laughing propensity had seized on the novices, so that they could no longer come together for recitation without at once bursting forth into uncontrollable laughter. A like risibility prevailed whenever there was exercise in speaking.*

The Master of Novices, though opposed to all excess (he once scolded the novices severely for laughing so much), was not averse to a moderate hilarity among his pupils.† He even encouraged it as much as he could, making use for this purpose of the goodly customs sanctioned in the Society by a venerable antiquity. These are, first, to give festive banquets on solemn days of the Church and on those consecrated to a canonized member of their own fraternity; *e. g.* Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, the Feasts of SS. Ignatius, Xavier, Regis, Aloysius. It surpasses my ability to describe the delicious dishes that were then served up:—the richly-flavored soup, genuine roast beef, stuffed turkey, palatable mutton, rose-adorned hams, perfect piggies, every species of vegetables, half a dozen kinds of fish, the sugar-decked cakes compounded of fruit and jelly, wines foreign and native, fruit of all kinds, honey—ha! To master all that required a full hour,

* On Wednesday half an hour is set apart for the delivery of Latin and English sermons. Except the original one that each has to give by turns, they are the same old harangues that have been spoken for the last two hundred years; and what amuses the novices most of all is that they are so awfully terrific. The speaker has no sooner come to the words "Weep, sinner!" than everybody shakes with laughter.

† St. Ignatius himself says to the novice: "I wish you to laugh, my son, and to be joyful in the Lord!" (*Ego ridere, fili mi, te volo, esseque in Domino hilarem; nullam habet religiosus morendi causam, multas vero gaudendi, etc.*—Select. Sent. xxix. Ad tironem.)

sometimes longer. How comfortably did those well-stuffed monks waddle out of the refectory ! For the still further consolation of the old man there are, secondly, what they call "jollifications." These happen, I am sorry to say, only twice a year: on the name's day of Father Rector, and on the festival of the house's patron. At seven o'clock in the evening of those days all, young and old, assemble in the ascetery of the novices, then forsooth not an ascetery. Cakes and fruit are eaten ; wine, beer, cider, and eggnog drunk. The novices sing jovial songs, the juniors produce a farce, an old friar of the fatherland drags out "Es waren einmal drei Ju-u-den," Brother Mikkie tells I forget what of his ould country. Even a stately Father will unbend occasionally to furnish something droll ; as did the erudite Father M——s, by singing the humorous "Matins of the Franciscans." All ends at nine o'clock with a very pious hymn. Holy Father Ignatius is said to be the author of all this fun ; he justified it by saying that the extreme severity of monastic discipline required some relaxation now and then. I really think he never said a truer word in his life.

By a good turn of fortune for Leander also there happened to be about in his time some very queer characters, the chief of whom were Car. Hannoy, a sort of spiritualistic philosopher, and Car. Van Bomme, a portly Belgian. No sooner had Hannoy propounded one of his odd theories than Van was convulsed with laughter throughout his capacious frame. In time of recreation this worked well enough ; he could give full vent to his risibility. But in time of silence he had to restrain himself, and nothing was so amusing as to see him do this. He would hit himself on the forehead, bite his tongue, clap his hand on the mouth, and as a last resource prop his throat with a handkerchief. But the most remarkable individual around was an old brother afflicted with scruples. You could hardly ever see him without the Book of Rules in his hand. This he read over and over again, finding of course in each new reading a new difficulty. His great forte or frailness was blind obedience. Once the house took fire, and he was the first to notice it. One bucket of water could have quenched the flame. But the Rule seemed to him not to allow such a privilege. So he went very leisurely to the Rector's room, and told him the house was on fire. "What, what ! Put it out !" "Very well," quoth the brother, "shall I get some water and throw that on the fire ?" "Of course," cried the Rector, rushing out of the room and ringing the alarm. By the time that the

brothers and novices had thrown a dozen buckets-full of water on the fire, and succeeded in quenching it, forth comes my venerable friar with a basin holding about a quart of water in it, all of which he scrupulously poured out on the ashes. Heaven it appears, however, liked this way of doing. So it was said of this same brother, that once being engaged in tapping some molasses, he heard the bell ring for Examen of Conscience. Off he went, leaving the molasses to run as long as it might. But see! when the cook came into the cellar, he found the pitcher filled, not a drop lost, and the molasses holding on to the barrel, though the fosset was still unturned. A miracle! They related too that one day the Blessed Virgin had appeared to this simple brother, giving him some sort of a revelation about the future of the Novitiate. Leander, it must be said to his credit, never believed in such prattle. He could perceive no mark of sanctity about the superannuated friar, only that he seemed to be rather loose in the upper story.

The most agreeable pastime that recreation afforded was the walk. This was generally taken to the banks of the M——i. Nothing can surpass the grandeur of this majestic stream. Broad, deep, and full it rolls on violently past the rugged cliffs, around its numerous islands, and by the cotton-arbored lowlands far stretching to the misty horizon. A favorite resort with the novices was a steep hill, rising straight from the river's edge to the height of some two hundred feet. From the coal found in its base it was called the Colliery. Though inaccessible from the front, it could be easily ascended by the sides, and on the top it formed a wide plat covered with grass and shaded by towering trees. How often did Leander sit here among his fellow-novices, gazing on the stream below, the corn-planted islands beyond, and far in the east the white bluffs of I——s! Here, too, he would sing with them some devout hymn to the Virgin: "Ave Maris Stella!" "On this day, O beautiful Mother!" "Queen of empyreal Heaven, hail!" Or they would linger on their present happiness in a tender song composed by a talented scholastic, once like they a novice of St. Aloysius'. May I presume to offer it to my readers' notice? It ran as follows:—

"My tearful eyes are gazing
Out on the darkened sky,
When the evening shades are falling,
And the stars are lit on high.

Away o'er hills and valleys
My mind like a bird doth roam,
From care and toil unfettered,
Back to my Novice-Home.

"I hasten to the chapel,
And I kneel me down in prayer ;
The Virgin and the Infant
On their golden throne are there ;
Their gentle eyes are beaming
With love on me once more,
And they stretch their hands out to me
As in the days of yore.

"I see the trellised bower
Where the honeysuckle climbs,
And where the aged cherry-tree
Spreads out his fruitful limbs.
How oft beneath those arches,
In the dewy calm of even,
We told our beads in unison
To the gentle Queen of Heaven !

"Lo ! on yon hillock girdled
With snow-white palisade,
Each 'neath his modest tombstone,
The holy dead are laid.
The purple lilacs o'er them
Still shed their nectar balm,
And the locusts from yon thicket
Buzz on their twilight psalm.

"But hark ! I hear the rushing
Of yonder mountain stream,
And see the white cliffs shining
In the distant sunny gleam.
And there upon the green grass
We used to sit and sing,
Till we made the name of Mary
Through the dusky woodlands ring.

"Oh, how my poor heart boundeth !
As before my wondering eyes
These scenes of second childhood
In close succession rise.
Sweet days of bliss and gladness,
Sweet days of bliss so true,
Oh, how I love to linger
And fondly think of you !"

XI. The Scene Reversed.

ON the first day of July 1862, being eleven months after Leander had entered the Novitiate, he was summoned to the room of Father Bandeau for an extra conference. Probably he surmised what was to happen. During the scholastic year the classes of Greek and Latin for the novices were taught by either a junior, the Father Minister, or the pedagogue of the juniors himself. In vacation, however, when these were exempt from all regular study and teaching, it was the custom to appoint one of the most talented novices instead. Accordingly a month or so beforehand there would be going round a vast amount of conjecture as to the probable appointee. This time all had fixed on Leander, with the exception of a certain Carissime Beirlam, who had looked out the office for himself. Naturally he was extremely mortified when it turned out otherwise.

"Carissime," began the worthy Master of Novices, "I wish you to teach the Latin and Greek classes. Mr. Reyem will hand you the necessary books. You can have the hour of manualia in the morning for preparation. What you must beware of now, is to receive any thought of pride at this distinction. You ought to think that almost any of the novices would be as capable as yourself to teach those classes. If you only keep yourself humble, then, Carissime, I have great hopes of you. Aye, my child, you'll soon be a year in the Novitiate. When one has entered on his second year, he is called an old novice. He will soon be a complete Jesuit. It is therefore high time that he be shaped into his future form.

"You know that whilst on the one hand we must be totally indifferent to any station assigned us in the Society, it on the other hand is the interest of our Order which induces us to sound each one's particular inclination, and to make use of each one's particular talent for a certain sphere congenial to his disposition. After all we are frail men, and must be treated as such. It was hence a wise precaution in our holy Father Ignatius, when he required the master of novices to examine the inclinations of his spiritual children, and even to ask each of them in what pursuit he would most like to serve the Society. What now is your favorite wish, Carissime, or have you none?"

"Father, I could hardly tell," replied Leander, "except that I should like to be a perfect Jesuit! Now I think of Father

Suarez, then of St. Francis Xavier as a model ; but it is always something great. You know best, Father !”

“Would you not desire to be like Father W——r, the great missionary ? How many thousands of souls has that man of God converted ! What glory has he procured our Society ! He is deeply learned, solidly pious, completely mortified—the type of a perfect Jesuit.”

“Indeed I should wish to follow him. Have I told you yet, Father, what happened to him and me, when I was a little boy, ten years old ? It was at the solemn conclusion of the mission that he preached in our parish church. High upon an altar raised especially for the occasion stood the missionary by the cross. His sermon was on final perseverance ; sweet yet mournful, tender yet vehement. It seemed as though he could never leave his theme. But the final word had once to be given, a sad perhaps last farewell. ‘I cannot take you all by the hand,’ cried he ; ‘one innocent child shall hold your place. Come to me, my little boy !’ And he beckoned to me, who sat among the acolythes, the smallest of them all. I climbed up the high flight of steps, and stood before the missionary. He pressed me close to him, took both of my hands into his own, and I said to him in name of the congregation, ‘Good bye, Father !’ At that moment I truly wished to become one day a great missionary, so grand and noble did that Father seem to me.”

“And you can with God’s grace,” said the Rector. “Your talents will enable you to become as learned as any. Of your truly religious spirit I can entertain no doubt. But then be humble ! I repeat it, Carissime, be humble !”

Considered from a Jesuit standpoint, this conference was certainly very impolitic, as the excellent Master of Novices himself confessed afterwards. Leander had during those eleven months made considerable progress in humility, spite of his naturally proud spirit. He thought very lowly of himself, and had little or no ambition at the time. To appoint him as teacher indeed might not by itself have produced any evil consequences ; but to hold out to him the prospect of distinction in the Society was like pouring oil on the fire. His thoughts were sufficiently lofty not to require incitement. Still it was better both for himself and for the Society that the rupture did occur during his novitiate. He left the order not a moment too soon.

Leander came from the room of his Superior entirely changed. Hurrying to Mr. Reyem he procured his books, and immediately

fell over them with an almost famished appetite. The effect on his religious spirit was deplorable. Henceforth the sages of ancient Greece and Rome stood up like saints before his eyes ; Cicero, not Xavier or Suarez, became his special model. The "*Documenta Spiritualia*," which had hitherto delighted him so much, now grew altogether unsavory. Their Latinity, though greatly superior to most ecclesiastical works, was not purely Ciceronian, and therefore disgusting. When he had read a paragraph, instead of meditating on its spirit, he analyzed the words, the construction, the winding up of the period. "That is not the style in which my Tullius wrote." And he occupied his time in making a version of his own.

His naturally acute and comprehensive mind easily furnished him with reasons to justify his conduct. Father Buyken had said some time previously, that one of the rules of the "*Ratio Studiorum*" directed the members of the Society to model their Latin style after that of Cicero. This recurred now in all its force to Leander. "Can I be wrong in studying thus? Why, there is the very rule which tells me to do so." Already he imagined himself giving a Ciceronian version of the Bible and the Missal. Still he had to be a priest before he could attempt that. He might however make a beginning with minor things. So he composed for his own private use morning and evening prayers, acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition—all in Ciceronian Latin. Allow me to give a specimen. An act of love: "*Totis medullis ac visceribus meis te Deum meum amo, nec non diligo proximum meum tua caussa, quippe qui amabilis infinite atque dignissimus sis erga quem summo semper amore afficiar.*" He did not dare yet to attack too rigidly sanctioned formulas, such as the Our Father, Hail Mary, Apostles' Creed, except when glaring with a grammatical blunder; thus "*in hora mortis nostræ*" he put simply "*hora mortis nostræ.*"

These innovations, puerile enough, were never found out by his superiors. Had they been, his days in the Society had soon been ended. But sufficient appeared to all to make him suspected of almost any dangerous singularity.

Only two weeks had passed since Leander begun his teaching, when he was called again to the room of Father Rector. An angry gloom hung over his otherwise so serene features. "What do I hear of you, Carissime? You presume to teach differently from everybody else. Is it not sufficient that the compositions of the novices be correct Latin? Do you want to compel them

to write Ciceronian ? Better attend to your own learning. For I receive complaints, that you sometimes commit even grammatical errors yourself."

"What grammatical errors did I commit?" asked Leander passionately. "I am not conscious of any; but should I have, what thence? 'Tis very easy to detect a flaw in another's words, even for one who himself cannot write a single sentence correctly."

"Now don't get into a passion, Carissime! You must not think hard of any novice accusing you even if it be unjustly. Have you so completely forgotten the Rule?"*

But Leander went away with a sting in his heart. He knew it was no other than Car. Beirlam, who had made the false accusation. That novice could not but look with an evil eye at a young American, of only four years' study, occupying the professor's chair: whilst he, the accomplished Belgian scholar, who had studied the humanities from six to ten years, should be no more than a listening pupil. An ill feeling arose hence between the two novices, which was never entirely removed.

We have no idea whatever to exculpate Leander of his share in this the beginning of his difficulties. He did devote too much attention to study, did lay an unreasonable stress on purity and elegance of language, did perhaps put on an air of learned authority. But we must not forget that into the first fault he had been led by his Superior's appointment, who made no due allowance of his pupil's weakness—in his zeal for the future glory of his Order this worthy Master had even advised him to read some French and German books, thereby to retain and perfect his knowledge of those languages; that the repeated exhortation of professors to cultivate elegance of style and the rule inviting to Ciceronian purity had brought about the second; and that his last defect was more in appearance than in reality. Persons of a melancholy disposition are too easily condemned of pride; solid students, accustomed to examine a subject thoroughly before they

* In the examination which each has to undergo before becoming Jesuit, he is to be asked whether he will consent to have all his faults and imperfections henceforward denounced to superiors by any one who may have acquired knowledge of them outside the confessional.—"Ad majorem in spiritu profectum, et præcipue ad majorem submissionem et humiliationem propriam, interrogetur an contentus sit futurus, ut omnes errores et defectus ipsius, et res quæcumque, quæ notatæ in eo et observatæ fuerint, superioribus per quemvis, qui extra confessionem eas acceperit, manifestentur."

attempt to pronounce on it, will naturally lay great stress on what they advance. We are all of us liable to error ; but nothing can be meaner than the base soul which labors at the ruin of a great mind merely to gratify its own paltry jealousy ; nothing more imprudent than first to exalt one and then to humble him to the dust. Hence springs in magnanimous souls that morbid melancholy at their own deficiencies, that deep-rooted hatred for the selfishness of mankind, and lastly that fierce determination to crush every obstacle to their giant schemes.

XII. Humiliations.

A WEEK after Leander had received his first sound reprimand from the Superior, it happened that the English reading class came likewise in need of a teacher. This was occasioned by the expiration of Car. Leans' novitiate. We have seen that this young man had been a fellow student of Leander at college. For more than a year now he had presided over that class of the novices, and well had he fulfilled his office. The question was whom to appoint for his successor. Leander had of course not the slightest idea that he would be burdened with an additional class, especially after the dissensions brought about by his others. Still to his great surprise he was told one noon by the Manuductor, that Father Rector wished him to teach English. He prepared, however reluctantly, to obey ; and so, when the sign was given for class, he took up his books and went to the professor's chair. But see ! at the same instant Car. Rogan, a weak little Hibernian, not more than a few months in the Novitiate, hurries to the head of the table, looks at him in strange astonishment, and asks : " What's the matter, Carissime ? Are you going to teach here ? " " Of course," said Leander ; " that's Father Rector's order." " But Father Rector told me to teach." The Manuductor, a good-hearted German, came up, and knew not what to make out of such distracting counter-orders. But Leander with a single glance saw through the whole design. Throwing down his books, and leaving the chair, he cried out to his rival, " Be teacher as much as you wish ! " then quietly took his seat among the students. What was the cause of all this disturbance ? Nothing but a mean trick on the part of the Superior, who imagined it a holy duty of his office to put Leander to confusion.

before all the novices. This he openly avowed, when after class the mortified youth came to him for an explanation.

Not long after, whilst Leander was still teaching his Latin and Greek classes, his turn came round to receive the benefit of fraternal correction. Upon a given sign all the novices assembled in the ascetery, and their holy Master made his appearance at the head of the table. "Carissime Leander!" He promptly left his desk, and going to the middle of the room knelt down on the floor. "Car. Rogan," asked the Rector, "what did you notice in Car. Leander?" The novice hesitated awhile, then said: "Father, I think he tries to show off too much. In giving a story of an evening, he uses singular expressions. He does not say *Sanctus* and *Salvator*, but *Divus* and *Servator*. When any other relates a story, he turns aside and laughs. Most of the novices dread to say anything in Latin in his presence, for fear of being criticized and ridiculed." Car. Beirlam was accuser next: "Carissime is too much attached to his own opinion. When another commits a fault in English, he can never get over laughing about it. I once said 'I ran after the door' instead of 'behind it,' which he never stops throwing up to me." Then were asked all the other novices, but they had nothing to reprehend. This fact should have opened the eyes of the worthy Master of Novices. None but the rivals of Leander had discovered a fault in him. We are greatly mistaken if we suppose perfection in those who pretend to have it, or, as they modestly say, aspire to its acquirement. Jealousies, dislikes, petty hatreds exist as much in the most regular monastery as in the most irregular college. "We are men," said the simple Indians to the Jesuit missionaries at their first meeting. Were the latter to meditate on that pithy saying oftener, it would do them more good than all the hysterical effusions of their holy Father Ignatius. But Father Bandeau had once got it firmly rooted in his mind that Leander was immoderately proud, and as he loved him more perhaps than any other novice, and had the most sanguine expectations of his future greatness, he was in hourly labor to cure him of that disease; and for this purpose he knew of no better medicine than repeated and deep humiliations. How well soever this might work in others, with the young professor it produced an entirely opposite effect: it made him prouder and more obstinate than ever, and what is worse than all, changed his naturally amiable disposition into a morbid misanthropy. What then could cut him more deeply than, after smarting under the stinging words of two

jealous brothers, to receive a deadlike wound at the hands of his Father! "Carissime," concluded the Rector, "what I feared so much already is now confirmed here by the well-meant corrections of your brethren. Yes, you are proud, very proud; a sin which should not be known even by name to a novice. Now mind what I say. You shall be humbled, humbled as none was ever before. We'll see whether we can't break your haughty spirit. Get up!"

Each may judge by himself, had he been in a like situation, what Leander's feelings were at that moment. Publicly accused of and reprehended for imaginary crimes, he seemed like an outcast to his pious brethren.* Even the best of them regarded him with a holy horror. And still did greater trials await him.

Besides the ordinary probations of every day during the novitiate, there are some extra ones which each must undergo before he can take his vows. These are, according to the Institute, to devote one month to the spiritual exercises, another to manual labor, a third to wait upon the sick in hospitals, and still another to a begging excursion through the country. Only the first two are practised in this country. Leander had passed through one, the spiritual exercises; he had now to undergo the other, manual labor, for thirty days. This he was ordered to do in the month of September, when his professorate had expired. The Master of Novices called him to his room, told him that his teaching was at an end, that he was exceedingly sorry he had

* That this unprincipled condemnation of others prevalent among Jesuits is not a mere freak of my imagination, may be best shown by the frank testimony of a learned friend of mine in a letter addressed to me in brotherly confidence. He had been a fellow-novice of Leander, and with grief had seen him depart into the world, little dreaming that a like departure awaited him also. Owing partly to the feebleness of his health, partly to an opinion of his superiors that it was not his vocation, he did not emit his vows at the designated time; but nevertheless was ordered to remain in the Society and pursue his studies in the juniorate. "After that," he writes, "I did not feel at home, every one thinking that I would leave the Order; and some of the brothers even actually imagined that it was owing to my own fault, that I had lost the grace of God, and that I was almost *doomed to perdition*. I continued thus for some time, and when the "philosophers" came from L——s, to spend the Christmas Holydays with us, my grief was increased, owing to the fact that several of them insinuated that I should have taken my vows, etc. As you may well imagine, I felt the blues every day, not owing to any interior anguish of mind, as if I had done wrong, but owing to the manner in which every one spoke of me." Not long afterwards this noble youth, with the consent of his superiors, left the Society and became a secular priest.

ever appointed him to that office, and that he would beware in future ever to put a novice at it again. "Could I," he continued, "but root out this pride of yours! But I don't know how to get at it. It sticks there, I know; but I cannot get a hold on it to pluck it out." Here Leander thought it his duty to speak out freely. "Father," said he, "how is it that you are always tormenting me for my pride? And what pride is there then in me? I am merely of opinion that whatever original talent I have is the pure gift of God, that the exercise and increase of those talents are owing somewhat to my own exertions, but then that this very labor of mine is also an unmerited favor of His. To me all this appears a simple truth, and what is humility but truth? as the Saints tell us. Just leave me alone, I ask, and all will work well." "No," fell in the rector, "you must not be left alone. This very fact that you think you are not proud shows that you are proud. Besides, the humility of the Saints, which we must strive to attain, is not simple truth, it goes beyond the truth; we must persuade ourselves that we are the greatest sinners in the world, even should we never have committed a venial sin. Go now to work in the refectory, and during this entire month forget that you know anything."

With a heavy heart Leander set to work. He had to wash the dishes and set the table, which for a community of some sixty persons as were there was no easy task. He was excluded altogether from the scholastic novices, having to spend his recreations with the brothers even as though he were one of their number. Still, being a quick hand at everything, he had several hours of free time left him, which he was told by the Master of Novices to occupy partly in study, but mostly in prayer and spiritual reading. Possibly he abused this privilege, giving too much time to the former; for it lasted not long before Father Bandeau reprimanded him severely for being always at his books.

But the most humiliating of all humiliations came now. During this very time of manual probation it was Leander's turn to read in the refectory. The order of that reading is this: first, a chapter of the Bible in Latin; then several pages, as much as the time will allow, from some English history of a Saint; lastly, the Latin martyrology of the day. The date of this last is given in the old Roman calculation, by the day of the moon, and in ecclesiastical computation; for example, the last of September is announced, "*Pridie Kalendas Octobres, Luna, Dies Mensis Tricesimus.*" Leander was still on his hobby, Cicero. For

vigesimus he would read *vicesimus*, for *causa caüssa*, etc. Nothing was said, however, for some days ; till on a certain Thursday the Provincial and an unusual number of professors and aristocratic gentlemen from the city were present at dinner. There was no English reading accordingly, *Deo Gratias** being kept in honor of the guests. When each one's appetite had been sufficiently appeased, Leander, upon the signal of the Rector, ascended the pulpit to read the martyrology. It was the second day of the moon, and he had the imprudence to bring out his favorite Ciceronianism of saying *altera* instead of *secunda*. "Repetat!" cried the Master of Novices. Leander repeated "Luna altera." *Repetat* again ; again *altera*. This went on for five or six times ; when the superior waxing wroth came out with a fierce invective before the whole assembly. He denounced the poor novice as an innovator, a stuck-up linguist, and whatever opprobrious term came to his mind. He then commanded him to ask pardon of those present, and disdainfully left him on his knees.

At this moment, had not the silly fear of hell for leaving the Society withheld him, Leander would have rushed out at once into the world. He would have imitated the heroic conduct of that novice, once a fellow-student of his, who being treated similarly dashed the book on the floor, and walked out of the house never to enter it again. But so, irresolute as yet, he went to his desk in the ascetery, and there all alone wept bitterly. Thus was he found by the Master of Novices, who, fearing a fatal consequence, had soon left the company at recreation and sought out his pupil. He endeavored to console him by every means ; told him that he had humbled him thus only because he truly loved him, and that now he loved him more than ever, because he had not hesitated to ask for pardon after his fault. "Do you think," said he, "that any in the refectory thought hard of you ? Far from it ! They are all in admiration of you at your prompt submission to my words. Carissime, you have gained more by this one act of humility than by all your prayers and mortifica-

* On feast-days and at the presence of distinguished visitors, the Rector, after a part of the Scriptures has been read, strikes the table with his knife and says aloud : "Tu autem, Domine, miserere nobis !" Immediately all cry out : "Deo Gratias !" And they are allowed to talk during that meal, until a second stroke of the knife, accompanied with the word "Martyrologium" composes them to silence. Jesuits call this "Deo Gratias at able."

tions the whole year round. You have conquered yourself, the most difficult of all conquests."* But the wound struck was too deep to be so easily healed. All the consolation that the eloquence of the Rector could impart, was to smoothen somewhat the rugged determination of the afflicted novice to go on anyhow, no matter what occurred.

XIII. Increase of Difficulties.

WHEN the dreary month of manual probation had at length passed away, Leander was again as simple a novice as five or six months previously. No extra trial, no office, no professorship existed any longer to mortify his spirit. But that was sufficiently broken down already. Like a tender plant blasted by the hot wind of summer it drooped and seemed slowly withering away. Moreover his health, formerly so robust, had been severely attacked, not only by his inward afflictions, but also by the excessive labor imposed on him during the summer. From the morning manualia he had been exempted on account of teaching, but in the afternoon he had to make up for that exemption. Kneeling on the hard flags around the Novitiate, with the burning sun scorching his back, and his eyes almost blinded by the dazzling reflection of the white stones before him, he had to pluck out the grass that continually sprouted forth from the crevices, and thus deformed the marble-like pavement. From the constant stooping necessary for such kind of work, he had contracted a severe headache, of which he suffered ever afterwards. This headache often produced a complete dizziness, so that he knew not where he was or what he was doing. One day, while thus engaged in weeding, he fell in a swoon and lay senseless on the ground for several minutes. This accident had caused his labors to be somewhat lightened; interest, if not compassion, had influenced his Superior to take a less rigid course. For some months he was withheld altogether from outside work, his office being to—,† and his title, King of Portugal.

* Vince te ipsum ; si enim te viceris, splendidiorem in cœlo quam alii, qui mitiori sunt, ingenio, coronam adipisceris. Pluris facienda est propriæ voluntatis abnegatio quam mortuorum suscitatio.—*Select. Sent. D. Ignatii*, xxvi. et x.

† Ad cloacam a stercore purgandam et chartam fratribus supplendam constitutus Rex Lusitanæ vocatur. The comparison is obvious; both

But envy, as already intimated, rules as recklessly in the sanctuary as in the theatre. Several of the novices regarded with an evil eye this exemption from hard work in one of their brethren. They asked him the cause, and what was the sickness. Leander told them candidly. "Oh!" cried one, "that's nothing; why, everybody feels dizzy in stooping down. If that's to hold good, all of us should be exempt from weeding." Leander merely said, "I wish you were." Soon those novices had brought their case before Father Rector, and the result was that Leander had to labor as hard as ever at all kinds of work. He became thin and worn; his back was bent as though he were an old man of sixty; all said he had the consumption.

Other difficulties arose, difficulties of which he had never dreamed before. Who would have thought that politics could enter so lonely and saintly a place as the Novitiate, especially when they were so strictly forbidden? But a worldly spirit had somehow or other crept into the novices at that time. There was too much attention given to profane studies, while an intense desire to find out news from the scene of civil war seemed to have seized on nearly all. The former evil was naturally laid at the door of Leander; he it was, according to Father Bandeau, who had diverted the minds of his companions from the contemplation of things spiritual to the mere verbiage of language. The latter was assigned to several young men of a rather military temper, one of whom had even shouldered a musket two months before he entered the Novitiate; as also and chiefly to the conversations of young professors from the neighboring city, who could not get over the itching to let their cooped-up brethren know something at least of the world. But the rupture, the source of ill feeling and bitter reproaches, was undoubtedly caused by Leander, though with perfect innocence on his part.

In the whole of the Novitiate, Leander was the only Republican. He was disgusted with slavery, deady opposed to secession, and all on fire for the preservation of the Union. Most of the others were declared secessionists. In fact, I have good grounds to believe that the Jesuits as a body were the staunchest adherents of the now lost cause. I know of only one exception, my professor in logic, and him alas! death took away in the second

places are on the skirts of something. The sacristan of the novices' chapel is called cardinal, of the negroes', bishop. By these titles Jesuits express their contempt for all secular and ecclesiastical dignities.

year of the war. During the first year of his probation, Leander had made little account of political parties; he was too much absorbed in the cultivation of religious perfection to care for the battling world without. But when trouble after trouble came upon him, when he found no longer rest in the house of hypocrisy, his eyes turned back involuntarily to the scenes of his boyhood; he felt once more that he was an American, and had to fulfil his duty as such. His principles were few, but sufficient to decide his course: slavery is a human cancer, it must be cut out; rebellion is a civil monster, it must be crushed; the Union must be preserved, or freedom is no more. With such principles always inherent in his soul, but now fully awakened by the absence of religious mysticism, which darkens the pure light of reason, it must have cut him to the quick to hear devout Jesuit professors give glowing accounts of Southern victories, followed by clapping hands and shouts of exultation on the part of his fellow-novices. Still he bore it silently, till a too shocking incident compelled him to speak.

One day during the noon recreation, a novice, who had just enjoyed a talk with some visiting friends, rushed in with a beaming countenance, and cried out at the top of his voice: "Praise be to Jesus Christ!* Good news, Carissimi! The confederates are marching on Fabiopolis!" Then arose a jubilee. One, named Car. Borkin, shouted: "Hurrah! I hope they'll burn that old nest to the ground!" Leander turned livid with rage; it was his native city. "What!" he cried; "is that all the charity you have learned here, to wish for the death of thousands of innocent people, and the destruction of a noble city, which has fed our Fathers for so many years? I wonder what kind of a conscience you have to wish for the least success of those fiendish rebels." "Rebels!" bawled several; "they are no rebels; they are patriots; they only fight for their rights." "They are rebels, and the worst rebels that ever lived," retorted Leander. The dispute continued thus for several minutes, when the Manuductor, fearing serious consequences, gave the sign for separation.

In the evening, Car. Borkin made a penance in the refectory for having, he said, wounded fraternal charity. The next day the Master of Novices called for Leander, and reproached him for having spoken so passionately the day before, as also for not hav-

* The customary greeting among the novices, answered by "Amen" or "Forever."

ing done a penance like the other Carissime. "I'll never do a penance for having spoken in defence of my country," said the novice. The countenance of Father Bandeau looked trouble; he dismissed the fiery patriot without adding a word.

Some weeks afterwards, he preached a long harangue to all the inmates of the house. He began by deploring the late discussions, and even angry dissensions among the members, on purely political matters. "You must know," he continued, "that as Jesuits we can belong to neither party. The best we can do, in the present distracted state of this country, is to pray that Divine Providence may dispose all for the good of religion and of our Society. For there exists danger on this score. There is a party of men who are deadly opposed to all Catholics, and most to us Jesuits. Their secret design is, first, to bring this war to a successful close; then, to gain all the public offices into their own hands; lastly, to turn all their power to our destruction. We have every reason to believe that before long the blood of Catholics will flow in streams over this country, and that the members of the Society will first of all be sought out for the crown of martyrdom. Be then prepared."*

Every one understood the drift of this discourse. It could be gathered from the faces of the novices particularly, who looked significantly at Leander. The first word in the next recreation came from Car. Borkin: "What do you think now of the Federals?" Leander laughed and said: "The same as before. It is absurd to suppose that religion has anything to do with this war. And I believe there is just as much hatred for Catholics on the part of the South as on that of the North. Anyhow I won't be a rebel, even should my own people kill me on account of my religion."

Let each take his own view of the preceding. I do not mean to adulate any political party, much less to create ill feelings between religious bodies.

"Without *me* there are demagogues enough,
And infidels to pull down every steeple,
And set up in their stead some proper stuff."†

* Three years afterwards a notice in the newspaper about the proceedings of an assembly in P—a seemed to confirm these suspicions of the shrewd Jesuit. But nothing came of that conclave, and happily; for religious wars should be confined to words. The man that sheds a drop of blood in hatred of any religion, is a monster.

† Don Juan, ix. 25.

Some of my best friends were among the champions of the South. And had not our worthy President of late proclaimed a universal amnesty to all rebels, I should have thought twice before publishing the above, for fear of getting them, myself, and especially my spiritual Fathers, into a scrape. But now the wolf dwelleth with the lamb, and only the tongues of men are warring with each other ; all which is very desirable, and makes me resume my subject.

Borkin, the fiercest rebel, though otherwise a generous, open-hearted youth, soon left the Novitiate. That was the end of political dissension, but not of other troubles. The Master of Novices imagined to have noticed in Leander a peculiar liking for neat clothes. This had to be rooted out. By this time the clothes which our novice had brought with him from home had been nearly used up. His shirts had been patched so frequently by the brother, often with shreds of old pantaloons, that they weighed like a winter-coat on his back. This was holy poverty. One day he found a pair of trowsers on his bed, a sign that he had to wear them. They were some old brother's, and looked exceedingly repulsive both in and out. Leander would not put them on. The Superior, acquainted of the fact, gave him a severe rebuke ; in vain. He threatened with expulsion ; no matter. He told him to leave the next morning ; all right. Leander merely said, he could not act against his conscience ; what he meant by that I do not know, unless that he had some delicacy on the subject. Probably also he was ready for any pretext to leave, the Society having become intolerable to him by this time. But the Master would not relinquish his favorite though always persecuted pupil so easily.

In the evening he called him to his room. He would not, said he, insist on his previous order ; all that he required was an assurance that Leander would labor more earnestly to become humble. " For that end," he continued, " as the Society commands us to be totally indifferent to any position assigned us, I wish to have your answer, whether you be willing, if we think it proper, to become a lay-brother." The novice was shocked ; he a brother ? never ! Father Bandeau saw that he had to modify his terms ; so he asked him if he would be ready at all times to obey his superiors according to the Institute. Leander said he would. Then the Rector embraced him tenderly, crying out at the same time : " O Carissime ! I always thought you had to be one of our num-

ber; I cannot think of letting you go!" With that he dismissed him, very much relieved, for the night.

XIV. Fatherless.

EXCESSIVE as is the heat in M——i, the cold is not less rigorous. The second winter of Leander's novitiate was particularly severe. Being naturally very sensible to the cold, he suffered more from its attacks than any of his fellow-novices. Out of consideration for his weakness in this respect, the place nearest the stove had been assigned him in the ascetery. During the night he had, besides half a dozen blankets, a huge buffalo robe for his covering. Such charity was very commendable. But oh, the manualia! how he dreaded it! To take the shovel and broom, and clear a pathway through snow two feet deep; with only a skull-cap on his closely cropped head, and the piercing wind whistling in his ears; his hands stiff with cold, his feet frozen to his shoes, his very heart shivering within him—was undoubtedly a severe task for a sickly youth. There were a few pair of gloves in the ascetery; but no sooner had the sign for manualia been given, and sometimes even before it, than the novices rushed at them, each intent to secure them for himself. Such is brotherly charity even in a monastery.

For a month or so Leander sustained these hardships. Then he fell sick seriously. He had to be dispensed from the regular exercises of the day; a room was accommodated for him, not in the infirmary, but through a rare privilege in the principal house itself; and well was he taken care of, especially by good Brother Moehler. For Jesuits are very attentive to their infirm brethren; they do all in their power to alleviate them both in body and in mind.

Spring with its genial sunshine soon restored the shattered constitution of the sick novice. In a few weeks he grew, though feeble still, sufficiently hale to leave his room, join his fellow-novices, and resume his ordinary exercises. But his mind continued as infirm as ever. Meditation, prayer, study, everything was irksome to him in the extreme. His only study was the relation between himself and the Society, and the conclusion drawn that they could agree no more; his only prayer, to know the divine will in his regard; his only meditation, in his favorite resort by the Novitiate churchyard, on the vanity and hypocrisy

of all things. "Why am I? To save my soul, it is said. But how, or where? Here, in the Society of Jesus, say my brethren. I do not believe them. They are one thing in words, another in deeds. All this religiousness is sham. Why not worship the great Creator in heart, without the intricate regulations of monastic discipline? Can I persuade myself that Father Rector is the mouth-piece of God? Never. I like him as a man, but cannot deem him God. Yet I feel so desolate. Father, mother, sister—all far away. They are the only ones that truly love me, and I am not with them."

In such laments he continued for months wearing out his stricken spirit, till a heartless fate nigh threatened to extinguish it completely. On the first day of July following, while reading in the ascetery, he was handed a letter by his Superior.* It was from home, dated June 24, 1863. He glanced eagerly over the first lines, when oh! his countenance fell and he sank distracted on his desk. He had no longer a father. Heavens! what a loss! Ye who have stood by the bedside of your dying parents know not your happiness. Ye have heard their last words, have received their last, cold kiss. Not I. Else the bitter tear of sorrow would not drop on these despairing words: My father died far away!

And here was the fatherless youth sitting at his desk, and bathing his hands in a flood of tears. There was none near to console him, none to say, "Don't weep George!" No, the rule of silence forbade such consolation. Leander did wrong in weeping for his father; he had not the spirit of a true Jesuit; else he would have read that letter without a sigh, without a tear. Such were the Saints of the Society;† men callous to every tender sentiment, and therefore worthy the eternal homage of the Church. Yet it would be unjust to accuse all in the Novitate of such a per-

* Jesuits are permitted to correspond with their relatives occasionally. But this is granted them only as a dispensation to the infirm; they are exhorted from the beginning to diminish the number of their letters by degrees, *sensim sine sensu*, so as in the end not to write their kindred at all. One who should fail to do so would be considered a very poor member indeed. The Jesuit that writes a letter must hand it unclosed to his Superior, who judges whether or not it is to be sent. Letters received are all brought to the Superior, who first opens and reads them, and then, if he think proper, delivers them to the person addressed.

† "The death of his father, which happened soon after his entrance into the noviceship, seemed to affect him no more than that of an ordinary person."—*Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga by Virgilio Cepari*, p. 51.

fection. When the kind-hearted Master of Novices, who by a strange exception had not read the letter previous to its delivery, heard from Leander the sorrowful news, he expressed an earnest sympathy for his loss, announced it publicly to the community, and asked them for their prayers. Some good novices and several of the old brothers condoled with the bereaved youth in a few but pathetic words. How gratefully were they accepted by his generous heart!

The next day, out of respect for his sorrow, was left at his own disposal. He spent it mostly in the cemetery, kneeling on a nameless grave, which he imagined to be his father's; or sitting on the greensward, with his head resting against a weeping-willow. There would he pray, here would he reflect on his sad loss. "Unhappy me!" he sobbed amid a torrent of tears; "what now is left to me on earth? But a few days since I complained that I had only three to love me; now there are but two. And how long will they be left me? Mother is nearly sixty; she will soon follow father. Mary will ere long give her love to another; and then I am all alone. All alone in this wide world! How my heart fails me at the thought!"

Lamenting youth! couldst thou have known then that four hundred miles away there lived for thee a maiden in all virginal pureness and loveliness—a maiden who would give thee her heart entire, would love thee though all the world were battling against thee, would become with thee one undivided being—ah, youth lamenting but not lamentable! what a soothing balm would that knowledge have poured into thy wounded breast! How wouldst thou have sprung up from that mound of mourning, and rushed away into the arms of thy beloved, there to gain thy last and only comfort here below!

But such a hope were sacrilege in the walls of a cloister. Longing for an imaginary love beyond the skies, he must scorn loves present and real. His spouse, his mother, his all must be the Society of Jesus. Could she ever be that to Leander? If so, he must have discovered in her some traits at least of sensibility. But far from this, he had found in her nothing but the exquisite cruelty of a heartless step-mother. She did not even attempt to conceal her real sentiments for her adopted children. Boldly she avowed: "You are no more than slaves in my hands. My own glory is all that I seek through you. Pray, meditate, study, fast, discipline yourselves to blood, cut your loins with pointed chains; teach, hear confessions, preach, beguile the poor, flatter

the rich, torture heretics, convert barbarians, overthrow republics, place on royal thrones my favorite dynasties ;—do all this and infinitely more, but only for my own aggrandizement and renown. You are naught but sticks ; forbear to show a sign of individual life in you ; if you dare, I shall cast you into eternal fire !” With such a summary of the Institute before him (and that it was the only true summary he had glaring proofs of daily occurrence), Leander would have acted against his conscience, which, however disfigured by the dismal traits of a false religion, still bore the outlines of divine impression, had he continued any longer in that hateful Company. Still, his old terror of hell kept him back, and might have held him chained for a considerable time yet, though never for aye, had he not been suddenly relieved by the very misfortune, which now he most of all deplored, the death of his father.

XV. The Return.

SCARCELY had Leander’s loss been made known to the community, than it was conjectured that he would probably have to leave the Society. His mother and sister would stand in need of some support, and to him would naturally fall that duty. The Society might indeed, as it sometimes does, supply them with the necessary means of living, in order to retain a youth of promise ; but in the present case it was considered a hazardous experiment, Leander having given too many proofs that he would never become a blind and therefore useful subject. Yet there was some delay in coming to a resolution, till a letter from Mrs. Leander to the Master of Novices settled every difficulty. She positively demanded back her son, not so much as a means of support, as to have a necessary consolation in her bereavement.

Father Bandeau, having read this letter and consulted the Provincial, called to him Leander. It was in the evening of the 15th of August, the Festival of Our Lady’s glorious Assumption. He told the youth of his mother’s letter and of the resolution taken thereupon by Father Provincial, and then addressed him in the following words :—

“I regard this, Carissime, as a special act of Divine Providence. However useful you might become to our Society in point of learning, from this very point also would arise innumerable difficulties. We are daily losing the most talented of our members,

not because they are learned, but because they are learned without humility. What an able man was Father Passaglia! His large work on the Immaculate Conception* is an eternal proof of erudition. But he was not humble. His Superior, to test his obedience, ordered him to leave his chair of theology at Rome, and go to a neighboring college to teach grammar. It was never intended to have this order carried out. Had he prepared to go, he would have been told immediately to remain. But he refused to give up his office, and so left the Society. I fear something similar of you. Your two years of noviceship have already expired. Had all gone well, you would have taken your vows on this very day, but with the evil of pride still rooted in your heart. Continual studies with comparatively few exercises of piety would increase that evil. When having amassed a great amount of learning you should be assigned a task of humility, you would very probably refuse, leave the Society, and lose your own soul besides causing perhaps the loss of many others. It is therefore better both for you and for us that we separate in time. If you still retain a desire for the priesthood, I would encourage you in your purpose. Of your piety there can be no doubt or fear; as to pride, you will have little chance to show off as a secular priest. You will be put through theology in a few years, and will then have a mission out in the country, with plenty of labor and little time for study. This will remove from you all thought or hope of becoming famous in literature and science.

"To-morrow morning at six o'clock you leave. I have waited purposely till the last hour to tell you this, for fear of causing disturbance among the novices, were they to learn it from yourself. They love you very much, and would take it exceedingly

* *De Immaculato Deiparæ semper Virginis Conceptu* Comment. tom. 3 in fol. Romæ, 1854.—I glanced over the three huge volumes while studying in the seminary, and conceived thence a high opinion of the gifted author. Since Passaglia's defection from their Order and the Church it has become a point with Jesuits to dispute his claims to the above work, as if other members had done the greater part of it, and he had only put to it his name. Yet their own theologian, Father Perrone, distinctly said, "*Reliquos Patres missos facio, quorum testimonia collegit cl. P. Carolus Passaglia, in suo opere De immac.*" etc. (*Prælect. Theol. Comp.*, vol. i. p. 563, Ed. Ratisb. 1856.) But it is needless to answer at length so base a contradiction, which is but one instance of the same unfairness ever practised by the Jesuits, in that they extol a learned man to the skies as long as he is theirs, but deny him all ability the moment he turns against them.

hard to bid you farewell;* for, however proud you be otherwise, you are very amiable in your person and winning in your manners. If then you should allow some bitter expression against me or the Society to escape you, it might easily prove to several the loss of their vocation. Now good-night, Carissime!"

It was the last time he ever heard that endearing expression. Next morning he assisted at the five o'clock Mass, partook of a slight breakfast, and while all the others were buried in meditation took his last farewell of Father Bandeau. They embraced each other tenderly; Leander wept, the Master of Novices could not conceal his emotion. Perhaps they felt like still remaining together; but it was too late now; the final word had been given. Away drove the ready carriage with Leander, and the Jesuit returned to his room.

All that our ex-novice took along with him were the few tatters of his clothes remaining. The explanation of the Rules of the Society, as given by the Master of Novices, which he had written very neatly in a handsome book, was withheld from him. So were also all the books peculiar to the Society, a list of which has been given before. Jesuits do not allow their secrets to be so easily divulged. But if on this account Leander could not produce a literal quotation or reference for everything related by him to me, he had a no less reliable pledge of certitude in his memory, which was judged by all as exceedingly correct; and most of all in his good heart, which would prevent him from uttering anything whereof he was not undoubtedly certain. He would even, if required, take an oath on every important word and fact, which has been here related, or will be in the course of this volume.† Several of his former brethren also, some of them Jesuits at present, one or two secular priests, and others mingling once more with the busy world of commerce, can testify as to the accuracy of his statements.

When on the heights of Flower-Bed, Leander took his last look at the Novitiate. The morning sun poured his full splendor on the silvery walls, on the brazen cupola, and on the golden cross above. Beneath and around all was green and blooming: the garden checkered with flowers of every hue, the long arbor

* Wrote a fellow-novice to Leander: "After you left, I felt sad for a long time; for I considered you a true friend."

† Most of the peculiarities related of Jesuitism can, moreover, be certified from the Institute itself.

dark with ranking vines, the orchards bending with delicious fruit, the fields waving with the yellow harvest. Here and there would flit by a shadow, the form of a scholastic novice telling his beads. Farewell, magnanimous youths! Though you labor in an unholy cause, yourselves are holy; pure as the falling dew, serene as the cloudless sky, firm as the oak of the forest. You know not yet the vile purposes to which you are formed. No pangs of conscience sting your hearts; no doubts on faith disturb your minds. When the consecrated host ascends before you, you have a father near you; when the statue of the Virgin smiles on you, you have a mother in your midst. Remain where you are; I wish not to deprive you of your fancied bliss. Farewell; and beseech that God, who heareth all, for him who was once your brother!

If Leander felt some sorrow in tearing himself from a place where, apart from many troubles and vexations, he had experienced great peace and consolation at least for a year; his grief was soon removed when he lay once more in the arms of his tender mother and sweet sister. Truly, this joy was much depressed by the absence of one so dear as the good old father. But then Leander could take his place; work, if necessary, console if this only were needed. Thus within a few days as happy a family as ever lived, dwelt in that little cottage on the skirts of the village Osborne. All loved that gentle group; all admired the tender care which that talented youth bestowed on his aged mother and his beautiful sister.

There we leave him for the present, leave him till a voice from on high summons him to a wider sphere. If ever we revert to his life in the Novitiate, as he frequently did, be it with that cool reflection, the gift of reason, which alone can make us pronounce a righteous judgment. Although there be many peculiarities in the Society of Jesus which cannot fail to provoke our contempt and to arouse our indignation, there are also many features in it worthy the admiration and imitation of all. Such are stability of purpose, prudence in the selection of means, wise forethought, untiring energy, heroic fortitude.* What could not be achieved

* Even M. Guizot, who is by no means favorable to the Jesuits, concedes them most of the above noble qualities. After adverting, in rather disparaging terms, to their constant failures? in all that they have undertaken, he says with more justice: "Yet nothing can be more certain than that they have had grandeur; that a great idea is attached to their name, their influence, and their history. How so? It is because they knew

by any company of men, were they to model their actions after the fundamental principles of Loyola!

Continue thy daring scheme, incomparable Society! Great though be the evils which thou producest, they are not without their good. Trained under thy severe discipline shall come forth men, gone from out of thee, but no longer of thee, who shall turn thy arms against thyself. But do not succumb! We need such men in every age, and thou alone canst train them. Men who scorning a life of ease and plenty shall devote their whole soul to the reformation of the world; shall crush the blind monster of insensate belief, break the golden rod of despotism, and plant all over the earth the bright standard of rationalism and liberty. But still live on, lest we should ever want so noble a foe! Some corner on earth should be always left thee, whither might flock the disciples of reason to learn thy arts, arouse their zeal, and maintain her hardfought conquests.

AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM.

what they were doing, and what they desired to do; because they had a full and clear acquaintance with the principles upon which they acted, and the aim to which they tended; that is to say, they had greatness of thought and greatness of will, and this saved them from the ridicule which attaches itself to constant reverses and contemptible means."—*History of Civilization*, vol. i. p. 227.





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